TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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In Search of Summer—No. 2.

TOPO CHICO HOTEL,
MONTEREY, Mexico, Jan. 13, '91.

I should say it was "In Search of Summer!" I thought I had found it, but the stub end of a

SPANISH LADY.

Texas Norther is making me shiver like the villain in a play, and tropics or no tropics, this feels like winter. Even the assurance that the mercury has not gone below 52° is no comfort when it takes two flannel shirts, a guernsey and double-reefer to keep me from shivering the filling out of my teeth. We have been here nearly two weeks, and the weather has been delightful—warm, yet exhilirating, during the day, cool, but pleasant, at night. On Saturday night it turned cold, the wind roared till Mrs. Don thought the mud roof was going to permit itself to be blown off the tavern, and then it clouded up, the rain loitered about, the clouds drifted over the Topo Chico Mountain till one could almost reach up from the valley and touch them with a walking stick. Talking about clouds, I never saw such panoramic exhibitions of meteorological phenomena before! A so-called spur of the Sierra Madres comes within twelve or fifteen miles of this place. Some say they are thirty miles off—nobody here has any idea of distances, time, tide or the proper use of soap—and about the distant peaks oceans of smoky vapor, islands of sun-illumined floss, streams of silvery sheen have been circling with the dignity of eternal grandeur during the disturbance of our comfort here below. I find out what an earthworm I am when I tire of such a heavenly parade and growl at the country I am in, the mountains around me and the sky above, just because "Old Si" finds a new place to ache, and I am forced to hang over a fire instead of scampering across the plains on my pony. You ought to see the stove we have in our room—it is about the size of a plug hat, and every time it is touched the pipe threatens to fall down. Yet it warms the room and is said to be one of the six bedroom stoves in the whole Republic of Mexico. I have a notion to slip it into my valise and take it along when we go south, as this Norther is said to have touched up even the most sultry places, and may do it again.

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Last week I made a feeble effort to excite the envy of all those left to worry through a northern winter, and retribution has been swift to overtake me. Perhaps you may be having it nice and warm! I have no means of judging. There is a Post Office department in the government of Mexico, but it is managed like the old lady who kept tavern, and for over a week not a sign or sound has come to me from Toronto. When this epistle may reach you, if ever, is as delightfully uncertain as the end of life. One almost hates to put a date on a letter for fear, when it arrives at its destination, it may look like a shock of gray hair on top of a by no means frisky child of the distance. This doubt furnishes an excuse for laziness, and is thus continually tempting me with the query: "What use is there in toiling over your work when perhaps it will never reach the river?" Surely I need no such incentive to yield to the dreaming and idling born of this lovely land and intoxicating air. Contentment comes like a spell and forgetfulness makes to-day pleasant and to-morrow unimportant, save when the valley is visited by the cold winds, which makes Northerners so provident and worry so plentiful.

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Bad as the postal service is now, it is infinitely better than it once was. Often in the days of state revolutions in this country I have gone to the post office and found letters waiting me, but before I could get possession of them and feast my eyes on news from home, I have had to pay a dollar apiece to the postmaster, who could see no reason why he should not make a little something out of the transaction. I invariably put up the money, for what could a stranger do? It would take a month to communicate with the capital, and then there was no certainty of any notice being taken of the matter. Furthermore, a new revolution might take place in the meantime, a new postmaster be placed in charge, and the old one put to flight or death. At that time the legitimate postage was twenty-five cents on a letter, and as I had left my best girl back in Canada—I have her with me now—my correspondence came high, but I had to have it. Now the postage is five cents and if one's letters are not more than a month late complaint is held to be a sign of hasty manners and a petulant disposition.

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The ride from Nuevo Laredo to Monterey was in the night and through uninteresting scenery. One could see in the moonlight a broad plain, with sparse bunches of coarse grass or bare earth, cactus-covered hills, and later on some mountains dimly defined against the sky. The Salada river deep and swift between its high banks, is passed shortly after entering Mexico. It is the largest tributary of the Rio Grande excepting perhaps the Pecos which enters it from Texas. The mountains become higher and nearer, and the Q. C. and I guessed they must be within two or three miles. The conductor said they were thirty miles away. Distances are deceptive, the air is so clear and the altitude already so great. I was shown the interior of the third-class car, peopled by negroes, Indians, Mexicans and two drunken Americans. The men and women were sleeping in the hard wooden seats or on the floor, huddled under blankets—for the night was cold—and forming groups which defy description or imagination. I told the conductor that I could not be deceived in the distance of those third-class passengers, the smell was too strong. The night grew cold—we were 2,000 feet above the sea—and when at three o'clock in the morning we arrived at Monterey were chilled to the marrow. The idlers about the stations had been warming up with native booze and could not understand my somewhat uncertain Spanish. The street cars, I had been told, met the train, but no cars were in sight. I made enquiries and was answered *No entiende*—"I do not understand." I explained that a hack would do and the red-blanketed Mexican staggered up a little closer and breathed on me. His breath was strong enough with *Mescal* and onions to teach any intelligent traveler the language, but I was sleepy and cold and it didn't work. Loaded down with seven valises and a photograph camera we stumbled around the cars on the siding and past the end of the wooden station, the Q. C. silent but exasperated, Mrs. Don expressing far too hastily, I thought, her regret at having come along. We found the street cars and I asked the driver of one of them if he went near Hotel Hidalgo. He didn't *entiende* either. I repeated the question in a somewhat louder tone, the Q. C. piled up his share of the hand baggage and sat down on it and indirectly on me. Mrs. Don again expressed grave doubts as to my ability to talk anything but a questionable quality of English—the latter remark suggested perhaps by my tendency to drop into profane sections of my native tongue between my struggles with Spanish. A drunken American approached and volunteered to act as interpreter. Still there was no sign of any *entiende*. I went over to a different car and questioned the driver. He said he would ask the conductor, who lay asleep in the vehicle, but he was too *baracho* to know his own name. I tried a third car and was told by the polite Mexican driver that he passed the very door. When I got back to my party the tipsy Yankee was unsteadily lecturing them on the folly of going to Hotel Hidalgo, but twenty minutes later we were in the hotel. With a fine sense of propriety the American clerk asked the Q. C. if either of us was married to the lady, and I explained that I had the honor. "The man and his wife can have No. 5, but the gentleman will have to sleep with another gentleman." The Q. C. kicked at once. Possibly he had in his mind the people in the third-class car; he would rather sit up the balance of the night, indeed, he would stand up or walk the streets rather than bunk with a stranger. His protest prevailed and he got a room all by his lonely.

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The bedrooms of a Mexican hostelry are disappointing; at first glance they do not even seem quite clean. The transoms are not furnished with glass, and the dust from the courtyard blows in, forming a lime-colored crust over everything. The mattress is built in sections, and the crevices seem always under what the Cockney calls a "wital pawt." I may be wrong, but the alleged linen in our room looked too rumpled to be quite fresh, and it was only after careful examination that the intense weariness of the moment was yielded to and a decision arrived at to take chances. The pillows were about the size of a ten cent bag of salt and quite as hard. This, too, was in what is known as the best hotel in Mexico—the one that might be described as the Queen's of the Southern Republic. It is kept by an Englishman and a big, jolly fellow he is, and not too proud to wear the cap and apron of the kitchen either. His slater and housekeeper is ill and at the springs taking the waters, so, I suppose, the hotel is not up to its best just now, though with Mexican help perfection is impossible. The fact however, remains, that the tourist in this country must not expect too much in the hotels; they are not well furnished, the "modern conveniences," are lacking and the meals are not served as Canadians are sure to demand. Like all southern countries the food—except the soup and pudding at dinner—is all put upon the table at once, and isn't quite hot when it gets there. Stewed meats are popular and are half jellied before they can be eaten, fried meats are woody on the start and tough at the finish. Eggs are always good, and the climate is such that the hen works industriously the year round. The coffee is good, the tea poor, the vegetables cold, the onions strong, yet if one is prepared to live simply it can be accomplished in Mexico without the slightest sense of deprivation. The expense is not great—from two to three and a half dollars a day being ample. If one so desires this can be reduced by half, though without a knowledge of the language it would be a rather uncomfortable life.

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After a day's sight-seeing in Monterey and a lovely lounge about the plaza under orange and banana trees, by a fountain which is the center of the city's social life, we took the horse cars for Topo Chico Hot Springs. They have electric light in the city, but not electric cars. The latter are nearly as big as ours and are propelled by a wee, wee mule, who tackles the job of pulling the load behind him in a spirit of earnest determination, which should enlist more human sympathy than it does. The ordinary fare up-town is six cents, from the station of the Mexican National Railway to Topo Chico is twelve cents more—the distance is some three miles and the time forty-five minutes. The ride is through a fertile valley, cut up like a checker board by irrigating ditches. Stumpy palm trees and mosquit hedges border the fields with variegated green and melters and many signs of prosperity mark the suburbs of the most Yankeefied city in Mexico.

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They tell me that the McKinley Bill has had a wonderful effect in stimulating the progress of this country. Mexico has been sharp and revengeful in her reprisals, and Texas is as sore as a boil over the injury done her by Congress. A little later on, if you will pardon me for being historical once in a while, I shall weave into this narrative such facts as shall outline the struggles of a nation which is rapidly developing and will yet have a great place in the world. In dealing with a subject such as this I know I am risking the charge of being prosy, but in North America there are but three nations—Canada, the United States and Mexico. Of the first two we know much, of the third little or nothing, yet her progress has been through blood and sorrow, and the share the United States has had in creating her troubles and aggravating her miseries may have a lesson for us.

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Topo Chico is a collection or rather a scattering of one storey houses, principally windowless, the bath house and the hotel alone having two storeys and glass windows. The village does not smite the eye as a vision of beauty. The hotel is separated from the mule car track by a field and is surrounded by Mexican huts, goat corrals and donkey yards. The huts are built of stone thatched with sugar cane and belong, as a rule, to the residents who are not prepared to make way for the American speculator unless he puts up an unreasonable price. Notwithstanding that the facts may offer a defence of the proprietor of the springs, the first impression of the stranger is that Topo Chico Hotel is situated in a barn yard and the bath house in a back alley. Everything is dry, however, and the yards in which the burros bray, the goats bleat, and the roosters crow are neatly swept, the stone huts are white-washed and there is no disagreeable odor. The test of the Mexican climate is found in the village, town and city. I have not yet encountered a bad smell except on a *mescal*-laden Mexican's breath or in the too close proximity of an unwashed Indian. The air is so pure that meat, butter, eggs and provisions of all sorts will keep for—to us northerners—a fabulous time. If the same disregard of every hygienic principle and cleanly habit were to prevail in the north the graveyard would claim half the population. Here, there are no rules, no supervision of the public health or habits, no sanitary laws, but the hogs and they are disgustingly everywhere. Forced familiarity with the habits of the Mexican hog has cured me of pork. The savory "sassenger" and seductive ham are alike powerless to make me forget the long-legged, razor-backed, sharp-snouted beast which in these villages is the entire sanitation department.

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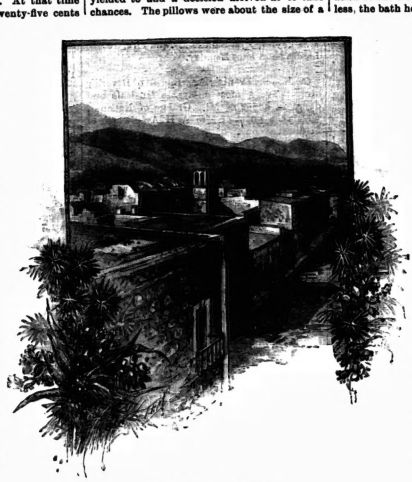
This hotel is managed by a shrewd, but motherly old Texan lady, who remembers when the Lone Star State was a republic by itself. She sorrows that the brave old days of Davy Crockett have passed away, but a kinder old soul never had an earthly tabernacle and the boarders all call her "aunty." The rates are $15 per week Mexican money—$12 per week American money—and the table is as good ascan be found anywhere in this country, except at Hotel Hidalgo in Monterey. No matter what criticisms may be made our hotel is homelike and Mrs. Carrington's kindly care makes its inmates feel like one big family. Just now it is not crowded, for tourists are just getting over a smallpox scare, but there are two elderly couples from Memphis, Tenn., old Col. O'Connor and his grand-daughter from Fort Wayne, Ind., a railway man from Fort Worth, Tex., two young men from Missouri, with only half a lung between them, and a score of other interesting people, many of whom are here because they think they couldn't stay alive anywhere else. We have good music every night in the *sala*, cards and conversation for the lame folks, walking parties, photographic expeditions, mountain climbing and bathing—the latter taking quite a share of our time. I like it and it is helping my sciatica, the Q. C. is improving rapidly, Mrs. Don isn't quite sure whether she is glad she came—but then she isn't sick. Next week I shall speak of the baths and the wonderful cures the waters effect, and of the people of this queer land, rightly enough called the Egypt of America. Good-bye.

DON.

A MEXICAN FIESTA.



A GLIMPSE OF MONTEREY.

OLD CHURCH ARCHITECTURE IN MEXICO.

Around Town.

There seems to have been a miraculous change of opinions on the matter of submitting the Sunday street car question to the people. Now that the elections are over and the sky above is clearing, some of those who valorously crept under the barn before have experienced a change of heart, which prompts them to come out and say, "Let the people rule." There is not the slightest doubt that a petition, signed by five thousand citizens, or even double that number, who favor the movement can be procured. The people will then have an opportunity of saying whether they agree with a ring of unprogressive journals, clerics and laymen, or whether they intend to keep Toronto abreast of the advancement of other enterprising cities round about us. It seems almost incredible that any thinking man, or body of men, in this year of grace, should argue that the people should not be trusted to express their feelings freely on any such question. What remnant of the dark ages is this that we have with us? Have we here in Toronto, in the present day, some of the shivering ghosts of those from whom with force and bloodshed, Liberty and Intelligence wrested all their privileges? This is a day when the people are ruling themselves and speaking and acting for themselves in almost every part of the globe. Wherever the domination of the classes has not yet entirely disappeared, it is being undermined and is rapidly tottering to its fall. The people have spoken for themselves and will speak for themselves in this case. If they want Sunday street cars they will say so; if they do not want them they will voice their sentiments with no uncertain sound. But it is a sight to see these would-be followers of the old Danish King sitting in their chairs—editorial and other-

AN INDIAN GIRL OF MEXICO.

wise—upon the shore and ordering the waves to retire.

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The trouble seems to be that Toronto has grown so fast that many of her estimable citizens have not been able to keep up with her growth. They are not yet fully awake to the fact that instead of the one-horse town of ten or twelve years ago, they are now living in a city, small as yet, but commencing to assume metropolitan proportions. They still imagine that the city of to-day can be run in the same way as the town of a decade ago. They are slow to adopt new and improved machinery. In this Sunday street car business they are not unlike the old-fashioned farmers who would have nothing to do with fanning-mills, because they felt that the devil must be connected with anything that could make wind when there was none blowing in the usual way. It would be a very pleasant state of affairs if Toronto could go on increasing in size and developing into a great industrial center and still retain the Sunday of its village days. It would be a delight if every workingman could sit down on summer Sundays under his own shade tree, and on his plot of grass, or toddle with his wife and family to hear his favorite preacher just around the corner. But, alas for the dreams of those who are not yet awake, such things are not compatible in the present state of affairs with life in great cities. Those who would have the Sabbath of the country village must go to the village to get it. The Sabbath of cities must be made so as to furnish the greatest good to the greatest number of people, even if the rumble of the "poor-man's chariot" does grate rather harshly on super-sensitive ears. There is no occasion for being alarmed that the running of the cars on Sunday will make any more labor for either man or beast. If those people who are now so zealous for the welfare of the poor car-driver and his horse only retain half of the same zeal after the cars commence running on Sunday, they can easily detect it and raise an outcry if they find them compelled to work seven days in the week. That the cars will run on Sunday in Toronto ere long is as certain as that the spring will follow this winter.

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Now that the ladies have been given the privilege of becoming members of the High school board the memory goes wandering back to sundry meetings of the Separate school board where their gentle presence might have wrought a calm.

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The sermons and lectures of Rev. Father Huntington of New York have created much discussion during the week. It cannot be said of this young, Anglican enthusiast that he does nothing but talk and leaves the work for others. As he said the other evening at the Auditorium he is not alone a friend of the poor, but one of the poor. He has, it appears, given himself wholly up to the amelioration of the condition of the wretched and downtrodden. Men whose enthusiasm carry them as far as this always win the confidence of the public. The man of deeds is the man to whom attention is paid. When a man has himself put his hand to the plough and says "come" instead of saying "go," he gives an assurance that can be given in no other way. His following is sure of him and he is sure of his following, for the great majority of mankind have always needed, and will always need, a leading spirit. Father Huntington has found the weedy field for his labors in the slums of New York, than which there is probably no more pestilential spot under the blue canopy. Seeing there, in the greatest city of this continent, the bitter contrast between "the mighty and the mean, the pride of wealth and the abjectness of poverty," he has concluded that the most practical remedy is to be found in the adoption of the theories promulgated by Henry George and his adherents. In his reply on Tuesday evening to Principal Grant's criticism of the Single Tax doctrine, he addressed one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in Toronto in the interests of this cause. As it is a question which affects everyone there is a most widespread interest taken in it, and the audience which heard Father Huntington was as representative as could be desired, from the day laborer to the highest intellectual lights of the city. The Single Tax question is one in which much interest is taken by many, but on which few take a decided stand.

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I see that some Chicago business men have been talking of the feasibility of making that city a sea port. There are two routes spoken of—either an all-water course or by ship railway from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron. There no doubt that if ocean vessels are once introduced into the lakes, the system would be continued until the heads of Lakes Superior and Michigan are reached. Chicago should take steps to have it open by '93. It would be an event in keeping with the centenary they intend to celebrate, this extension of the voyage of Columbus several thousand miles westward.

VAN.

Social and Personal.

The handsome rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists were in festive garb on Wednesday night, when Mrs. Blackstock welcomed over four hundred guests to her splendid ball, which was given in honor of Mr. Emory of Boston and Miss Van Horne of Montreal. The dancing floor had been carefully prepared and one enthusiastic little dancer assured me that there never was a better floor. Perhaps no more truly artistic setting for gowns and faces could be desired than that furnished by the terra cotta walls with their wealth of pictures. The orchestra was stationed at the eastern end of the gallery amid a screen of palms and ferns. Twice Mrs. Blackstock's waltz was played, supplying ecstatic inspiration to the dancers. The rooms were all plentifully decorated with flowers, and the largest northern room with the one west of it were furnished for sitting-out rooms, being supplied with numerous comfortable chairs and an abundance of subdued light. Refreshments were served from a table set across the southern entrance to the room in which supper was served. The landing was artistically decorated with flowers and furnished with rugs and chairs.

Mrs. Blackstood stood at the head of the stair to receive her guests. She wore an elegantly fashioned gown of black velvet *en traine* with a jetted net front. Mrs. A. C. Patteson wore white lace and diamonds; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, yellow brocade; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, white tulle and diamonds; Mrs. Torrance, yellow brocade; Miss Beardmore, white embroidered satin and pearls; Miss Helen Beardmore, blue crape; Miss Adrine Todd, yellow silk gauze; Miss May Todd, pink tulle; Miss McMicking, pale pink satin; Miss Grace Boulton, blue tulle and white ribbons; Miss Larratt-Smith, pale blue with yellow trimmings; Miss Susie Jones, pearl gray net and maize velvet; Miss Morgan, white silk and ostrich feathers; Mrs. Barwick, gray faille and gray ostrich tips; Miss Seymour, pale pink and silver; Miss Sibyl Seymour, white and silver; Miss Walker, pink cloth with gold passementerie; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, mauve; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, red; Miss Bunting, white and silver gauze; Miss Parsons, pale blue tulle and velvet, with trimmings of silver and natural flowers; Miss Arthurs, pale blue crape with silver girdle and natural flowers; Miss Fraser of Detroit, white china silk and natural flowers; Miss Homer Dixon, white tulle; Mrs. W. Brouse, flowered net with gold braid and diamonds; Miss Fanny Smith, black and pink brocade; Miss Amy Rutherford, yellow *crepe du chine;* Miss Meredith, red silk; Miss Langmuir, white silk; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, wine-colored silk and diamonds; Miss Cawthra, nile green embroidered *crepe du chine*, with pink flowers; Miss Cawthra, white *crepe du chine;* Miss Bessie Macdonald, white silk and ruche of lily-of-the valley; Mrs. Douglas Armour, black net; Mrs. Augustine Foy, black net with gold embroidery; Mrs. Law, blue and yellow satin; Miss Annie Parsons, mauve silk and steel embroidery; Mrs. Macdougald, pink and gray gown; Mrs. Otter, pale terra-cotta brocade; Mrs. Hume Blake, white gauze; Miss Thorburn, white tulle; Mrs. Bristol, white net and steel; Mrs. Arnold, pink; Mrs. C. Baines, yellow net; Miss Covernton, yellow china silk and white valenciennes lace; Miss Wilson of Kingston, pale pink faille; Miss Helen Boulton, white tulle with yellow flowers; Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, strawberry gros-grain silk with India silk drapery, and gold and diamond ornaments; Miss Etta Robertson of Belleville, China crape and silver trimmings; Miss Drayton, cream net with cream velvet bodice; Mrs. R. D. Gamble, gray satin; Mrs. Henry Duggan, black tulle with gold embroidery, train of black and pink striped velvet.

Among others who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, the Misses Shanly, Miss Baines, Miss Farquhar, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Boswell of Cobourg, Miss Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Holtaire, Miss D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. Bruce of Hamilton, Mr. Shanly, Messrs. Boulton, Mr. McLennan, Judge Finkle of Woodstock, Mr. Ford Jones, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Kent of Buffalo, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Messrs. Beardmore, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Walker, Mr. Manning, Mr. Ross, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mr. Harold Parsons, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Watson, Mr. Houston, Mr. Ward of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Alex. Munro Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Grier, Mr. Stephen Baldwin, Mr. Walter Reed, Mr. Hay and Mr. Spratt.

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Guests were also bidden by Mrs. Blackstock to afternoon tea on Monday. There were present: Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Parsons, Miss McMicking, Miss Helen Beardmore, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Barwick, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Miss Bunting, Miss Arthurs, Miss Shanly, Miss Saunders, Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mrs. E. Brown, Miss Keefer, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Captain Tassie, Mr. Hay, Mr. Middleton Captain Macdougall, Mr. Ward of Port Hope and Mr. Spratt.

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Miss Campbell will be At Home to her friends on Wednesday next from five to six o'clock, instead of the first Wednesday in February. The reception hour will in future be from five to six.

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Mrs. Albert Nordheimer entertained a number of friends at dinner on Monday evening last. Among those present were: Mrs. Bankes, Miss Langmuir, Miss Beardmore, Miss Seymour, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Jones, and Mr. David Macpherson. Mrs. Nordheimer has also issued invitations for another dinner party, to take place next week.

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Mrs. Cockburn's dinner party on Thursday evening of last week was an especially dainty one. In the flower decorations lily-of-the-valley predominated, and a truly artistic effect was obtained from the gleaming white bells and waxy leaves against the polished table surface.

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Mrs. Goldwin Smith of the Grange welcomed a number of guests to afternoon tea on Thursday.

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Mr. Henry Ince has let his house in St. George street, furnished, to his brother, and has gone with his family to the Rossin House for the winter months.

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Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street gave a charmingly arranged yellow and white dinner party on Tuesday last. The flowers were white roses and lilies, and the yellow was carried out in the softly tinted table center and the gold candelabra. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Miss Bunting, Miss Beaumont, Miss Beatty, Miss Maud Beatty, Miss Beardmore, Miss Parsons, Miss McMacking, Mr. Emory of Boston, Mr. Hay, Major Harrison, Mr. Grier, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Beardmore and Mr. Kent of Buffalo.

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Mrs. A. M. Cosby entertains friends at dinner on Monday next.

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Mrs. Beardmore will welcome guests to dinner on Tuesday.

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Mrs. McMaster of Jarvis street has gone south for the winter.

Judge Finkle of Woodstock and Mrs T. C. Patteson of Eastwood are guests at the residence of Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street.

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Mrs. Heron of Ottawa is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Gordon Brown of College street.

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Mrs. Irving Cameron of Sherbourne street welcomed a number of guests to afternoon tea on Friday.

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Mrs. Snelling of Murray street gave afternoon tea to friends on Thursday.

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The Misses Dixon of Wellesley street welcomed guests to afternoon tea on Friday.

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Miss Saunders of Guelph is the guest of the Misses Shanly.

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Mrs. Edgar of Bloor street gave a most attractively arranged musicale on Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Mason and Miss T. Mason of Barrie have been the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Harrison.

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The Artist's Fancy Dress Ball announced for Shrove Tuesday has been postponed until after Lent and will take place on March 31 in the Art Gallery.

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Mrs. Laidlaw of St. Alban's street entertained friends at afternoon tea on Friday.

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Mrs. J. Ross Robertson has entertained her friends a number of times this season at most daintily-arranged luncheon parties.

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The Misses MacMurchy of Sherbourne street entertained friends at a yellow luncheon on Tuesday. The daintily-arranged party was given in honor of their guest, Miss White of Woodstock. Pretty narcissus favors tied with yellow ribbon were laid before each guest, and the flower decorations also paid allegiance to the color chosen. Among those present were: Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Allie, Mrs. Harton Walker, Miss Kennedy, and Miss McMullen of Woodstock.

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Mrs. Lindsay of Beverley street entertained a large number of friends at an At Home on Tuesday. Mrs. Lindsay received her guests in the large room to the left of the entrance, which, as well as the other rooms, was handsomely decorated with palms, roses and ferns. Music was stationed in a smaller room off the library and the reception room was prettily ornamented with fern and primroses. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Boulton, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mrs. W. Boulton, Rev. and Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsay and Miss Langtry.

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On Monday evening Mrs. Bignell of Beverley street gave a most enjoyable musicale and dance in honor of Miss Grange of Napanee, who is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Aylesworth of Madison avenue.

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Mrs. G. A. Newman of Wilcox street gave a very enjoyable card party on Thursday of last week.

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Mrs. Charles Fuller of Metcalfe street gave a luncheon on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Clark of St. Catharines, who is the guest of Mrs. Beatty of Huron street.

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Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College gave a most enjoyable dinner party last Thursday evening. The guests who had the pleasure of being invited were: Prof. Jones, Miss Strachan, Prof. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Body, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Colley Foster and Mrs. Foster, Prof. and Mrs. Symonds.

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An old an familiar face has been seen in Toronto streets during this week in the person of Thos. W. Score, eldest son of Ald. Score. He left home four years ago to enter business across the border. His many friends have given him a hearty welcome.

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Cards are out for a conversazione at Trinity College on Thursday, February 5.

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The Zetland Masonic Lodge welcomed their friends to their annual At Home on Friday evening. The Academy of Music was well arranged for the comfort and pleasure of all present, and the At Home was most deservedly pronounced a success.

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Osgoode Legal and Literary Society will entertain their friends in splendid style on Monday evening next. The At Home promises to outshine all previous social functions given by the society, in that a larger number are more intimately concerned in its success.

* * *

The "jolly Wanderers" are making extensive preparations for the Snowshoe Club At Home in the Pavilion on Friday next. The success is assured, for the demand for tickets is very great, and in consequence the committee has been obliged to place a limit upon the number.

* * *

Smoking concerts are frowned upon by women as being selfish pleasures, but perhaps it is well to allow the male members of the family some one social function to offset the increasing number of ladies' luncheons and teas. Men do most thoroughly enjoy these concerts, in spite of frowns and sarcasm, and the series given by the Canadian Military Institute are deserving of the popularity which they have attained. A gentleman spoke to me in earnestly effective language of the delightful time he had at the last one, and made very complimentary allusions to the general arrangements.

* * *

The officers and members of Cavendish Club are preparing to give their friends a treat on Thursday next, when they will welcome them to their second annual ball in Webb's assembly rooms.

* * *

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball is even now receiving the earnest consideration of those who expect to attend. The committee is busy perfecting the arrangements and carrying out the details, and the fair guests are planning gowns and smiles for the eventful fourth of February.

* * *

I have received the dainty card of invitation issued by the Masonic Fraternity of Hamilton, for their annual ball, which will take place on the evening of Friday, January 30. The gathering is under the patronage of the following ladies: Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Mrs. John Crerar, Mrs. William Hendrie, Mrs. Joseph Hobson, Mrs. F. E. Kilvert, Mrs. R. A. E. Kennedy, Mrs. J. M. Lottridge, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mrs. H. Murray, Mrs. J. W. Murton, and Mrs. George Roach.

* * *

Court Brock holds its annual At Home on February 5, at Webb's Parlors.

* * *

Mrs. J. D. King of Jarvis street entertained a hundred and fifty guests at an At Home on Friday of last week. Elmlawn was splendidly arranged for the occasion and dancing was merrily kept up till three o'clock.

* * *

The members of Winona Social Circle met in a re union on Thursday of last week in Prospect Park Hall. The object of the society is "the cultivation of musical and literary taste and talent, the promotion of social intercourse and good fellowship, and the mutual improvement of its members."

* * *

The annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League in Canada will be held at Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, on Friday, January 30, at 2 p.m., for the election of officers and other business. In the evening a public meeting will be held in the Auditorium, which will be addressed by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P., president of the League, Rev. Principal Grant and others.

* * *

A London correspondent sends me the following: On New Year's night the amateurs of this town rendered. in the Opera House, the high-class drama, London Assurance, with splendid success. Notwithstanding the rain that poured heavily during the evening, they were honored with a crowded house. We shall be pleased to see our young friends on the stage again, and particularly request the pleasure of seeing London Assurance repeated.

She was Dreadfully Tormented.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a minister and a widow, both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed:

"My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Weel, sir, I'm thinkin' o' getting married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent, surely. How many husbands have you had?"

"Weel, sir," she replied in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "this is the fourth. I'm sure there never was a wummun sae completely tormented wi' sic' a set o' deein' men as I've been, sir."

She Jumped on Him With Both Feet.

She was a pretty thing, and when she entered the Madison avenue car all the ladies looked at her with visible envy. In her lap was the cutest little pug you ever saw. The pout on his mouth was enough to make the angels sing.

By and by the pug began to whine and find fault, so the lady bent down and touched his cute mouth with her rosy lips.

"I wish I were that dog," whispered a dude opposite. "I'd give a five dollar bill to be him for the next hour."

The beautiful creature's brow showed signs of a storm. Jumping up she looked the dude straight in the face.

"Never mind," she hissed, with a pretense of humor; "you're young yet. You're a mean-looking little pup, but even pugs are homely when first weaned."

Her Face Was Familiar.

One day a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged opposition by an officer of the church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her, but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated and said:

"Let me see, sister, I have forgotten your name."

"My name!" was the indignant reply, "why, I am your wife!"

"When did I marry you?" queried wily old Brigham.

The woman informed him, and after consulting a memorandum book the old fellow said:

"Well, I believe you are right, my good woman. I thought your face was familiar."

A Case in Point.

She—I believe that a people are both outwardly and inwardly influenced by their natural surroundings—that scenery influences physiognomy—the Highlanders, you know, have rugged faces.

He—Yes, and that Chicago girl behind me, who lives on Prairie avenue, is plain-looking. —*Life.*

Government House

TORONTO.

Miss Campbell will be At Home to receive visitors on

Wednesday Next, the 28th Inst.,

From five to six o'clock, instead of on the first Wednesday in February.

The receptions in future will be between five and six o'clock, instead of between four and six o'clock.

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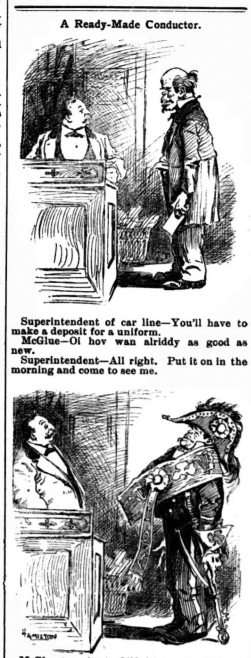
McGlue—Oi hov wan aliddy as good as new.

Superintendent—All right. Put it on in the morning and come to see me.



McGlue (on time)—Oi'd like wan o 'th' new cars, sor.—*Judge.*

Boudoir Gossip.

This week my attention has been centered almost wholly upon the noses of the people whom I meet. In what a variety of sizes and shapes the nasal organ is seen, and how strangely some noses fit some faces. One very prominent nose belongs to a prominent man in town. He is somewhat awkward in his movements and drags his extended anatomy along the pavement in an odd going-to-fall-to-pieces-around-the-corner style. His nasal appendage is remarkable for the abundance of bone and the scarcity of skin used in its compliation, and it is a thorough index of his mental alertness.

Some noses are sharp and long, and if they are straight at the edges they denote cruelty and vindictiveness. If they are broadened at the nostril, the owner is inquisitive; if the outer edge is curved up from the center, shrewdness and sensitiveness are indicated. A dumpy little nose shows want of tact and a generally indecisive nature, while a tip-tilted one has always been a synonym for sauciness, mirth and hot-headedness. We may stare unmercifully at the nose which seems to have taken upon itself the contract of securing all the attention its owner's face ever receives, and yet who does not admire a big nose. Henry Irving, Ruskin, and Mrs. Sheridan, the wife of the famous Richard, are notable in all their portraits for large, strong noses, and while it gives an almost over decisive look to the handsome woman's physiognomy, Ruskin and Irving would appear insignificant if it were not for their prominent nasal organs.

*

You girls who are engaged, listen to me! I wonder if you have the least idea of your worth in the minds of the other men. Of course you are all in all to "him," but did you ever think that you are to the youth without "intentions" what the bald-headed old husband is to the girl who wants to "talk with a nice man."

"Engaged girls are so contented," said a restless specimen of masculinity one day last week. And then he went on to tell how much he enjoyed his friendship with an engaged girl some years ago. He declared that she patronized him from the lofty pinnacle of her good fortune and he did delight to talk with her, just because she was so delightfully, deliriously happy.

*

Of all the phrases which I dislike I think "so they said," occupies the highest place of dishonor. How tartly it can be voiced, with a contemptuous inflection on the last word which casts inky shadows on the veracity of the person who made the questioned statement. It is one of the saddest lessons that we have to learn in life—that what people "say" is not necessarily rock-bottom truth. Coming along King street yesterday I overheard a loud-voiced discussion between a well dressed young woman and her escort, regarding the price of some furs. "They cost two hundred," began the girl. Then after a pause she went on: "at least, so they said," adding finally a doubt of the statement by declaring decisively, "but I don't believe it."

It is a pity—a great pity—that we cannot believe what people tell us. It would be delightful to take every man, woman and child at their simple word. We would like to do it, but life and bitter experience have taught us better. We look out for number one, and are forced into treating casual acquaintances and a few of our friends to intense scrutiny after every surprising affirmation, and even then to divide by two most of their remarks. There are people whose "yes" means yes to me, from whose most glowing statements I would not take one atom of coloring, on whose absolute truthfulness I am not afraid to rely, but they are very few. Others we cannot, dare not, trust, and we temper the statements of such with the explanatory and non-committal phrase, "So they said."

*

Some wise woman speaks half scornfully of the "fussiness" of window draperies. She comments on the roller shade which conceals us when we wish concealment, of the street screen of silk or muslin, of the lace curtain which lives up to its decorative reputation, and of the serge, arras or brocatelle which keeps in the warmth, and stands guard against wandering draughts. They may be fussy, but are they not beautiful? So long as we wisely admit sun and air who should chide us if we bind soft meshed fabrics and delicate tints about our windows and thus frame in the monotony of city streets with a well draped setting.

*

A few men who witnessed Sarah Bernhardt's Cleopatra were entranced at the prospect of the probable reduction of dressmaker's bills. If Sarah could dress herself with yards and yards of material and fashion the gown of patience and pins, why couldn't all women go and do likewise upon an improved plan. It might do, but madame would have to engage a deft-fingered maid with artistic tendencies and monsieur might find himself wrathy when Abigail's wages were due.

*

When you buy a new veil, girls, get a little more than three quarters of a yard, because you can slide it about when it gets thin or worn and an ugly little hole can be hidden in a fold on the side brim of your hat, when it would grin unmercifully at your carelessness if it had to come directly in the center. Another thing, don't tie the ends of your veil. Give them a twist, and tuck them beneath your hat or under the trimming. Not only do veils last longer if fastened in this way, but the drawn look of a well-tied veil is out of the question, and it is much easier to remove and to adjust.

*

The following letter came to me last week, too late for a place in this column. This far-away American friend had read with interest the quotations I made from that cleverly-written sketch of A Holiday-Time in America. She read critically, too, and some of the assertions were too sweeping to allow silence, and of them she will now speak to you for herself.

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—We noticed particularly in your column of January 10 the English girl's comments. That there is no drinking in the entrance halls of American hotels and that the colored waiters are courteous are welcome tributes to American customs. The wearing of jewels in profusion is, perhaps, in some cases true. Not all, however, are thus bedecked. The rule is: Quietness of dress in traveling. The tiny diamonds, like dewdrops on the small flower-pins, are not out of place anywhere; yet, I think, few wear them on the cars or steamers. But to contradict the belief that people of the United States only wear an ever abundance of jewelry, there comes to my memory the incident of having met a lady and her husband—charming people—who had crossed the Atlantic from their homes in Scotland and landing in New York, immediately made the tour of this country. We met them on their trip northward. The lady wore a long chain of gold around her neck, and many large rings on her fingers. At first we locked with the critical eyes of the English girl, whose remarks you quote. Then, becoming acquainted, because there were only the two parties in the car—the Scotch people and ourselves, the jewels lost their lustre when the worth and intelligence of the wearer appeared to us. The peculiarities of tourists attract attention in every country. I quote an instance: An Englishman and his wife, one cold spring day, at a railroad station, where everyone around them was well wrapped—some in furs—were attired in summer clothing. The lady wore a straw hat, and carried a fan in her hand. The gentleman had on a linen coat and carried a pack on his shoulders. This caused much amusement to the spectators.

The admiration for Toronto is well placed, for it is a beautiful city; and the Sunday-closing of saloons and general order is commendable. Yet, that people do take pleasure-drives on that day, I noticed when in the city a year ago. If all are content without street cars, may that happy state continue. In American cities, the distances are so great—large cities I mean—that it is a boon to those who cannot walk far, to be able to ride to church. Or, perchance, some, too poor to hire a carriage, and tired after their week's labor, may, by means of a street car, travel out of the town into the fresh, country air. In the public parks I have seen whole families enjoying this blessed privilege. How glad they must have been, that for five cents a summer Sunday could be spent away from the heat and dust, and for the strength thus given for the coming week. Again, the United States has such an incoming of foreign elements, each bringing his own customs, that it will take a long time to merge them into one people and to say: "Those are American characteristics or customs." As the English love England, and are proud of their country, so may the time come when every American citizen, whether of foreign birth or born under the protection of the "Star Spangled Banner," will feel that the interests of this grand country are identified with his, and call for patriotism and devotion.

AMERICA.

*

Comica is still abroad, and a travel-worn letter with its odd stamp, and the well-known writing of my friend brings to me such a breath a breath of summer that I cannot refrain from quoting from it. Little purple violets which come closely folded in the pages make the pictured summer even more real.

"Nice," she says, "is very tropical in appearance. Great palms with their feathery branches moving at the touch of the winds are here in great variety and beauty. Orange trees abound—laden with their tempting golden fruit, acacias so dainty in soft green fern-like foliage, and rose-hued geraniums line the walks, while sturdy cacti guard some premises. Roses run riot. My room is laden with their perfume as I write you."

Of the Mediterranean Comica speaks with enthusiasm. "Of course it is blue," she begins, "but what a blue. It seems more like marine blue to me than any other shade; while sometimes it is perfectly green. Then the most exquisite tones of red, pink, rose-madder, grays and blues, blush and dimple over its surface, and broad lines of pearl break with great moans or gentle monotone along its shore."

*

Did you ever meet a person with an uncomfortably good memory? If so, aren't they disagreeable? I have in mind a woman who remembers figures, while I don't. I may in some moment of nonsensical frankness mention the price of a piece of goods or a pound of coffee or a pair of rubbers. Months afterwards, she will ask me: how much I said that serge or that coffee or those rubbers were. Perhaps I will think I know, or guess along the line of supposed cost. Then that woman will tell me to a cent how much it was, and I will draw me down in my arm-chair and declare with much silent but persuasive argument that I will never be drawn into any such trap again. Her memory is what I call an uncomfortable one and she is not one women but hundreds.

CLIP CAREW.

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER III.

The dome and steeples of the great city, towers and warehouses, roofs old and new, showed dark against a saffron sky, as Gerard Hillersdon set his face to the west in the cool stillness of early morning. He had drunk enough and talked enough to exalt his spirits with an unwonted elation, as if life and the world were new and all old and troublesome things cast off like a serpent's skin, flung behind him into the universal dust-heap men call the Past. There is no Nepenthe like a night's debauch for obliterating the consciousness of trouble, but unhappily the effect is but transient, and Memory will resume her sway. In this summer dawning Gerard walked through the empty streets with a tread as light as his youth had never been shadowed by a care. In this mood of his he accepted Jermyn's offer as a serious fact, a man of unusual gifts and faculties; a man who by fair means or foul had plucked him by the sleeve and held him back upon the brink of a black gulf which he shuddered to think upon.

"To be or not to be!" he muttered, slackening his step in the morning solitude of Lincoln's Inn, where there were faint odors of foliage and flowers freshened by the dews of night. "To be or not to be, I am a fool to think that my choice was inevitable. Faust had the poison at his lips, when the Easter joy bells strayed his hand. And what that hymn of Heavenly gladness—and after that thrilling chorus, 'Christ is risen'—came the fiend with his worldly wise philosophy, the gifts of wealth and power, is the influence that stayed my hand of Heaven or hell, I wonder?

His thoughts reverted to the face of the girl at the sewing machine. He was in no mood to trouble himself as to the nature of the vision he had seen, whether it was hypnotic, or some juggler's trick produced by mechanical means. It was of the face that he thought, for it was a familiar face; a face of long ago, and he tried in vain to fix it in his memory. It floated there, vaguely mixed with the vision of his vanished boyhood—a dream of summer and winter days, of wooded landscapes, in the far-off west, which seemed as another and half-forgotten world in the midst of this gray, smoke-stained city.

He let himself into the dark and airless lodging-house passage, with his latchkey, a privilege he could scarcely hope to retain for days longer unless he could comply with, or compromise, the demand in his landlord's letter. Yet even this idea of being turned out of doors seemed hardly to trouble him this morning. At the worst he could go down to his father's rectory, and spend himself among green leaves and village faces. And if he must be bankrupt, see his name in the *Gazette*, shameful as the thing would seem to the rural rector and his wife, he would not be the first. Among the sons of the nobility bankruptcy is as common as scarlet fever, almost as common as measles.

His sitting-room and the adjoining bed-room looked shabbier than usual in the clear morning light after those luxurious rooms of Jarmyn's. The furniture had been good enough once upon a time for its specific purpose—brass bedstead, maple suite in the bedroom, oak and wood and cretonne in the sitting-room—but it had grown shabby and squalid with the wear and tear of successive lodgers, and Mrs. Gardiner, crippled by bad debts, had never been rich enough to renew the cretonne or improve upon the philosophic maxim of the wretched Job of Jermyn's, that poverty is the eye of a man with any sense of the beautiful.

Hillersdon was tired and exhausted, but slumber was far from his eyelids, and he knew it was useless to go to bed, when his brain was working with a forty-horse power, and his temples were aching as if they were the magic pain. He flung himself into an arm-chair, lighted a cigar which Jermyn had thrust upon him at parting, and looked idly round the room.

There were some letters upon the table, at least half a dozen, the usual mixture of duns, bills and threatening letters from lawyers of obscure address, calling his attention to neglected applications from tradesmen. Nothing as such letters were, it was always a shock to him to find that the bland and obliging purveyor had handed him over to the less kind of the solicitor. He was in no haste to open those letters, which would supply so many items in his schedule, perhaps, a few days hence. Insolvency had been staring him in the face for a long time, and there was no alternative between death and the *Gazette*.

He finished his cigar, and then began to open his letters, deliberately, and as it were with a gloomy relish.

The first was from his hatter, piteously respectful; the second was from a solicitor in Bloomsbury, calling attention to an account of three years' standing with a fashionable hair-dresser, and the third and fourth were those uninforming yet significant documents, bill delivered, bearing date of a quarter back, and with a footnote requesting his earliest attention. Bill delivered. What value had he received for the sums demanded, a scarf, and a pair of gloves, bought casually *pour passer le temps*, a set of shirts, perhaps, ordered to please the tailesman rather than from any need of his own, and behold the man was clamoring for thirty-seven pounds odd shillings and pence.

He opened the fifth letter, which announced itself upon the envelope as from a firm in Lincoln's Fields, and which, by the thickness of the paper and style of the address, was at least from a solicitor of position in the world of law. Yet doubtless the tune was only the old tune, played upon a superior instrument. No, by heaven! it was not the old formula.

"190, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W. C.
July 17, 188—.

SIR,—If you are the same Mr. Gerard Hillersdon who in 1879 rescued an old gentleman from an approaching engine in the station at Nice, we have the honor to inform you that our late client, Mr. Milford, banker, of London, Marseilles, and Nice, has bequeathed the bulk of his large fortune to you, as residuary legatee. Our client was of somewhat eccentric habits, but we have no reason to doubt his disposing power at the date of the will, nor do we at present apprehend any attempt to dispute the said will, since Mr. Milford leaves no near relations.

"We shall be glad to see you, either here or at your own residence at your earliest convenience.

"We have the honor to be, sir,
"Yours, etc., etc.,
"CRAFTON & CRANBERRY."

Hillersdon turned the letter over and over in his hands, as if expecting that solid sheet of paper to change into a withered leaf in his touch, and then he burst into a laugh that rang out as joyous as Jermyn's gnome-like laughter.

"A trick," he cried, "a palpable trick, of the fate-reader, hypnotist, whatever he may please to call himself. A cruel jest, rather, to mock parched lips with the promise of the fountain; to exercise his fancy upon a destitute man! Well, I am not to be caught so easily. The chief whose remnant of life I saved at Nice was no wealthy banker, I'll be sworn, but some impecunious wretch who was scared by losses at Monte Carlo.

He looked at his watch. Half-past five. A good many hours must pass before it would be possible to discover the existence or non-existence of Crafton and Cranberry, and the authenticity of the letter on the table there, were he had flung it, a most respectable-looking letter assuredly, if looks were anything to the purpose.

"Easy enough for him to get a lawyer's clerk to write on the firm's paper," he thought; yet it was a fascinating idea to lean back on any clerk, unless a discarded servant.

"How did he know?" mused Hillersdon. "It was after midnight I told him my adventure at Nice, and this letter was delivered by the last post at ten o'clock.

"Not impossible, though, for Jermyn to have heard of the old trunks at the Nice Station from Gilbert Watson, Hillersdon's friend, who had been the end of the adventure, and heard the old man clamoring for his umbrella. Watson was a man about town, and might have been in contact with Jermyn, who was a season celebrity, and went everywhere."

He threw himself dressed upon his bed, slept a troubled sleep in the first hours of the day, and awoke for the rest of the time between half-past five and half-past eight, when his servant—an elderly man and old retainer, who had married and married the rector's nurse—brought him his early cup of tea and prepared his bath. He was dressed and out of doors by half-past nine, and walked from his home in Lincoln's Inn Fields before the stroke of ten.

The office was evidently just opened, a most respectable office. An elderly clerk showed Gerard Hillersdon into a handsome waiting-room, where the newly-cut newspapers were systematically arranged upon a massive mahogany office table. Neither of the principals had arrived from their West End houses.

Gerard's impatience could not brook the delay.

"Do you know anything about this letter?" he asked, showing the open document.

"I ought, sir, for it was I who wrote it," answered the gray-haired clerk.

"By way of a practical joke, I suppose," said Hillersdon grimly, "to oblige a facetious friend."

"Messrs. Crafton and Cranberry do not deal in practical jokes, sir," replied the clerk, with dignity. "I wrote that letter at Mr. Crafton's dictation, and if you are the Mr. Hillersdon there mentioned it really ought to be a very pleasant letter for you to receive."

"Very pleasant, if I could venture to take it seriously."

"Why should you suspect a jest, sir, in so grave a matter, and coming to you from a firm of undoubted respectability?"

Hillersdon sighed impatiently, and passed his hand across his forehead with a troubled gesture. How did he know that this scene of the lawyer's office, the letter, the clerk, the gray-haired, grave old clerk talking to him, were not part and parcel of some hypnotic vision, no more real than the figure of the girl at the sewing-machine which those same eyes of his had looked at last night. He stood, contemplating his business friend, while the old clerk deferentially awaited his pleasure. The outer door opened as he stood there, and the measured footsteps of dignified middle-age crossed the hall.

"Mr. Crafton," said the clerk. "He will be able to assure you that there has been no jesting, sir."

Mr. Crafton entered, tall, broad, bulky, imposing, faultlessly dressed for his role of man of the world, and unaccustomed to society, and trustworthy family lawyer.

"Mr. Hillersdon, sir," said the clerk. "He has been assured by my partner that the letter from the firm was a practical joke."

"I am hardly surprised at your incredulity, Mr. Hillersdon," said the lawyer, in a sonorous and comfortable voice, calculated to reassure clients, under darkest circumstances. "That letter may well have taken your breath away. A romance of real life, isn't it? A young man does a plucky thing on the spur of the moment, thinks no more about it, and ever afterwards finds himself the richer by a gift, and find himself—a very rich man," concluded Mr. Crafton, pulling himself up suddenly, as if he might have used a more familiar phrase, but the step into my private room. You can bring us the copy of the will, Coxfield."

Hillersdon sighed as Mr. Crafton ushered his latest client into a large front office, as imposing as his own figure.

"Read that aloud, Mr. Hillersdon," waving his hand towards a spacious armchair. "Yes, the whole story comes within the regions of romance; yet it is not the first time a fortunate story history that a large fortune has been left to a stranger as a reward for some service barely acknowledged when it was rendered. Our late client, Mr. Milford, was a very eccentric man. I'll warrant now he took very little trouble to show his gratitude when you had hazarded your life in his service."

"The only trouble he took was about his umbrella, which he was vociferously anxious to recover."

"So like him, dear old man. A character, my dear sir, a character. You wouldn't have given twenty shillings for the clothes he wore that day, I daresay—umbrella included."

"If clothes and umbrella had been on my premises, I would have given ten shillings to get them taken away."

"Precisely," exclaimed the lawyer, with his genial laugh. "A very remarkable man. I doubt if he paid his tailor ten pounds a year or five. Yet a man of large benevolence, a man of generous impulses, and of large means he gave. But now we have to come to the crucial question. Can you establish your identity with the Gerard Hillersdon whose name our client took down from the visitor's Gilbert Watson's dictation on the station at Nice."

"Very easily, I think. In the first place, I doubt if there is any other Gerard Hillersdon in the directory, as the name Gerard comes from my mother's side of the house, and was not in the Hillersdon family before I was christened. Secondly, my friend Watson is now in London, and will readily identify me as the man about whose name your client inquired when I had left the station. Thirdly, it would be easy, were further evidence needed, to establish the fact that I was residing at the Hotel Mont Fleuri, Cannes, at that date, and that I went to Nice on the first day of the Carnival."

"I do not think there will be any difficulty in identity," Mr. Crafton replied, suavely. "Your present address is the same as that which Mr. Watson gave our lamented client, and he further described you as the son of the rector of —, Devon, a detail no doubt elicited by Mr. Milford's inquiry. Here is a copy of the will. You would like to hear it, perhaps.

As the clerk entered and laid the document before him.

"Very much."

Mr. Crafton read in a clear, distinct voice and with great unction. The will was dated six months previously, and was made at Nice. It opened with a long list of legacies, to old servants, to the clerks in three banking houses, in London, Marseilles, Nice, to numerous charities, to Mr. Crafton and his partner, Mr. Cranberry. Hillersdon sat aghast as he heard bequeathed to him the residue of the property, disposed of in this manner. To the Hospital for Children, Great Ormond street, ten thousand; five thousand to St George's Hospital, a thousand each to ten orphanages, five thousand to a convalescent hospital, three thousand for an asylum for the blind. Would there be anything left for him after this lavish distribution? The passage in the will which concerned himself came at last, and was simple and brief. "Finally, I bequeath the residue of my estate, real and personal, in lands, houses, consols, bank stock, railway and other shares, together with the sole interest in the firm of Milford Brothers, bankers, of London, Marseilles, and Nice, to Gerard Hillersdon, youngest son of the Rev. George Hillersdon, rector of —, Devon, and I appoint him residuary legatee, in recognition of his generosity and courage in saving my life at the hazard of his own, in the railway station in this place, on the 14th of February, 1879."

It was a noble reward for an action to which I never attached the slightest importance," said Hillersdon, pale to the lips with suppressed emotion. "I saw a young man at Newton Abbot do almost as much to save a dog, which was running up and down the line, and he was the poorest man I met at him. That young man jumped down upon the metals and picked up the dog in front of the engine—somebody else's cur, not even his own property—and I—because in common humanity I plucked an old man from instant death—yes, it was a near shave, I know, and might have ended badly for me—but in the only inactive humanity, after all—and I am left a fortune—it is a fortune, I suppose!"

"Yes, Mr. Hillersdon, a large fortune—something over two millions."

Hillersdon broke down utterly at this point. He turned his face from the spectators, master and clerk, and fought hard with himself to keep back a burst of hysterical tears mixed with hysterical laughter.

"It is too ridiculous," he said, when he had recovered his speech. "Yesterday I was in the depths of despair. It is real, isn't it? he asked, piteously. "You are not fooling me—you are real men, you two, not shadows! This is not a hypnotic trance?"

He struck his hand on the table so hard as to produce severe pain.

"This is real, at any rate," he muttered.

Solicitor and clerk looked at each other, dubiously. They were afraid their news had been too sudden, and that it had turned this possible client's head.

"Advance me some money," asked Hillersdon suddenly. "Come, Mr. Crafton, give me your cheque for a good round sum, and when I have cashed that cheque I shall begin to believe in Mr. Milford's will and in your good faith. I am up to my eyes in debt, and it will be a new sensation to be able to pay the most pressing of my creditors."

Mr. Crafton had his cheque-book open and his pen dipped in the ink before this potential client had done speaking.

"How much would you like?" he asked.

"How much? Would five hundred be too large an advance?"

"A thousand, if you like."

"No, five hundred will do. You will act as my solicitors, I suppose—carry through this business for me. I am as ignorant of the law as the sheep who provide it with wool. I shall have to take out letters of administration, I suppose. I haven't the faintest notion what they are.

"We will make all that easy for you, if you have no family lawyer whom you would prefer to employ."

"I don't care a rap for our family lawyer. He has never done anything to endear himself to me. If you were good enough for Mr. Milford you are good enough for me. And now I'll go and cash this cheque.

"Will you allow our messenger to do that for you?

"Thanks, no. I like the sensation of a bank counter when I have money to receive. How will I have it? A hundred in tens, the rest in fifties. How I shall astonish my worthy landlord! Good day. Send for me when you want me to execute deeds, or sign documents."

He went out into the sunny pavement where the hansom was waiting for him; went out with a step so light he was scarcely conscious of the pavement under his feet. Even he could scarcely divest himself of the idea that he was the sport of dreams, or of some strange juggler's trick, as he looked at with the light blue eyes and the uncanny laugh.

He drove to the Union Bank, in Chancery lane, cashed his cheque, and then drove about the West End, to tailor, hatter, shoemaker, hosier, paying fifties on account, or clearing up long standing debts. He had only a hundred and fifty left when he got back to his lodgings, and out of this he paid his landlord eighty. The residue was for pocket money. It was such a new sensation to have money in his pockets, that he felt as if he were made of air. He was convinced of the fact now. This thing was a reality. Fate had turned her wheel—turned it so completely that he who had been at the bottom was now at the top. What would his own people think of this now? Not that he believed in his relations, the thriftless son, who had until now been only a burden and a care to father and mother. Yet he would not write. He would return to Devonshire in a day or two, and tell them with his own lips.

And but for Justin Jermyn's interference he would have shot himself last night, and would have been lying stark and stiff this morning. Yet, no, the letter was dated yesterday, at ten o'clock. Fortune had turned her wheel. The tidings of her bounty were waiting for him while he was feeling in the Fate-reaper's room, the sport of a shallow trickster.

"And yet he seemed to know," thought Hillersdon; "he talked as a change of fortune—he came to talk of the old man at Nice."

He felt a sudden desire to see Jermyn, to tell him what had happened; to talk over his monstrous luck; to see what effect the news would have upon the Fate-reader. There were other people he wanted to see—most especially Edith Champion—but the desire to see Jermyn was the strongest of all. He got into a cab, and told the man to drive to Holborn.

He hadn't the remotest idea whereabouts in Holborn that old inn was situated, or whether in any adjacent thoroughfare. He dismissed his cab at Warwick Court, and went about on foot, in and out of dingy old passages, and in all the "dusty purlieus of the law" as existent in the neighborhood of Holborn; but nowhere could he find gate-house, or any ancient inn in any wise resembling the place to which Jermyn had taken him last night.

After spending two hours spent in this inefectual exploration he gave up the search, and drove to the West End, where, at a smart *dilettante* club of which he was a member, he hoped to hear Jermyn's address. It was teatime, and there were a good many men in the reading room and adjacent smoke-room, and among them several of Hillersdon's friends.

He sat down in the midst of a little knot of acquaintances, and ordered his tea at a table where he was welcomed with unusual cordiality—welcomed by men who knew not that they were welcoming a millionaire.

"You know everything that's going on, Hill," he said, to one of these; "so of course you know Jermyn, the Fate-reader?"

"Intimately. It was I who secured him for Lady Fridoline yesterday. He doesn't, as a rule, show himself at the common or garden party, but he went to oblige me."

"Will you tell me where he lives?"

"Nowhere; he is much too clever to put an address on his card, like common or garden individual. He is to be heard of here, or at the Septem. He is a member of both clubs, though he rarely shows at either—but as to an address, a vulgar lodging-house address, like yours or mine! *Pas si bete!* If he put anything on his card it would be Styx, or Orcus."

"My dear fellow, I supped with him last night at his chambers."

"Then you know where they are?"

"That is exactly what I do not know. Jermyn insisted upon my going to supper with him last night after the opera. We walked from Covent Garden to his chambers. We were talking all the time, and except that we passed through Queen street and Lincoln's Inn Fields, I haven't an idea as to what direction we took, or where the curious shabby old inn is situated."

"Youth's frank laughter greeted this avowal.

"Then all I can say, my dear Hillersdon, is that you were rather more on than a man generally is when he leaves the opera." You were very lucky to get out of Bow street."

"Would you be surprised to hear that I had taken nothing stronger than Salutaris at dinner, and nothing whatever after dinner? No, wine had nothing to do with my mental condition. Jermyn and I were talking. I was in a somewhat nervous mood, and allowed myself to be piloted without taking any notice of the way we went. I will own that when I left him at four o'clock this morning my head was not quite so clear, and London might be Bagdad for all I know of the streets and squares through which I made tracks for Piccadilly."

"So Jermyn entertains, does he?" exclaimed Roger Larose, the poet, journalist, critic, and elegant idler. "This must be inquired into. He has never entertained me. Was your drunkenness a pleasant intoxication? Was his wine irreproachable?"

"More; it was irresistible. He gave me some old Madeira that was like melted gold, and his champagne had the cool freshness of a wild rose, an aroma as delicate as the perfume of the flower."

"I believe he hypnotized you, and that there was nothing in your pheasant and cheese and porter," said Larose. "Where are you going, and what are you going to do this afternoon? I've some Burlingham tickets in my pocket. Shall we go and admire the polo match, or shoot pigeons, and dine on the lawn?"

A thrill went through Hillersdon's heart at the thought that yesterday, had Larose made such a proposition, he would have been obliged to decline, with whatever excuse he might invent, on the ground of his poverty. Yesterday the half guinea gate-money and the risk of being let in to pay for the whole dinner would have made Burlingham forbidden ground. To-day he was eager to taste the new joy of spending money without one agonizing scruple, one pang of remorse for extravagance that would hurt other people.

"I am going to call on some ladies," he said. "If you can spare me a place in your tickets and one for myself, I will meet you in time for dinner."

"Do I know the ladies? Is Mrs. Champion one of them?"

"Yes."

"Delightful—a *parti carré*. It is going to be a pipping hot night. We will dine on the lawn, hear the chimes at midnight stealing softly along the river from the great bell at Westminster. We will know we see flies and that Fulham is Tuscany—fancy ourselves in the Cascine Gardens, which are not half so pretty as Burlington House. Dare Elinn, then all is said and done. Get along with you, Hillersdon. In spite of your debauch you are looking happy as if you had just had a fortune left you."

Gerard Hillersdon laughed somewhat hysterically as he turned out of the hall door. He had not the courage to tell anyone what had happened to him—not yet. That word hypnotism frightened him, even after this seemingly substantial evidence to the good. The clerk in the lawyer's office, the bank, the notes, and tradesmen's receipts, might not all be part and parcel of the same hypnotic trance. He pulled a bundle of receipted accounts out of his pocket. Yes, those were real, or as real as anything could be to a man who dares not be sure that he is not dreaming.

He drove to Hertford street. Mrs. Champion was at home, and alone. Her carriage was at the door, and she was just going to the park. Mrs. Gresham was again engaged in the cause of the Anglican Orphans, serving tea and cake to the nobility and gentry who patronized her day of the bazaar at the riding school, and was to be called for at six o'clock.

He found Edith sitting in a darkened drawing-room, in an atmosphere of tropical flowers, dressed in India muslin, looking delicously cool and fresh, as she sat in the glare of the streets. She looked up from her book with a little start of surprise at hearing Hillersdon's name.

"I thought you were half way to Germany by this time," she said, evidently not ill pleased at his return, as it were a bird fluttering back to the open door of his cage, "but perhaps you missed your train and are going to morrow."

"No, Mrs. Champion, I changed my mind, and I am not going at all."

"How nice," she said sweetly, laying aside her book and prepared to be confidential. "Was it because you are starved?"

He made up his mind that he must tell her. His mouth grew dry and hot at the very thought; but he must tell her, for the knowledge of his altered fate from this woman who had been, who was still, perhaps, the other half of his soul.

"For once in my life," he said, quietly, "or let me say for once since I first met you—your wife was not my only love. Something has happened to me—to change my life altogether since yesterday."

"You are engaged to be married," she cried, rising suddenly out of her low Japanese chair, straight as a dart, and deadly pale. "These things always end so. You have been loyal to me for years, and your love has grown weary, and you want a wife—Elaine instead of Guinevere—and you meant to run away to Germany and break the thing to me in a letter—and then you changed your mind and took courage to tell me with your own false lips." This burst of passion—her white face and flashing eyes—were a revelation to him. He had thought her as calm and cold as a snow figure that children build in a garden; and behold he had been playing with a volcano!

He was standing by her side in an instant, holding her icy hands, drawing her nearer to him.

"Edith, Edith, can you think so poorly of me? Engaged, when you know there is no other woman I care for, have ever cared for. Engaged, in a day, in an hour! Have I not given you my life? What more could I do?"

"Your love. Oh, thank God. I could bear anything but that."

"And yet—and yet—you hold me at arm's length," he said between her and the window.

She was the snow figure again a moment, standing before him in her matronly dignity, cold, proud, unapproachable.

"I was foolish to put myself in a passion," she said, "and after all whenever you want to marry I shall have no right to hinder you. Only I should like to know some time not too good time, so that I may accustom myself to the idea. The horses have been at the door ever so long, and I have kept Mrs. Gresham will be waiting for me. Will you come for a drive round the park?"

"I shall be charmed; but I want you and Mrs. Gresham to dine with me at Hurlingham. We can go on there when you have done your park."

"I don't care a straw for the park. Let us go straight to Hurlingham and see the polo. But I am not carelessly dressed; shall I do, do you think, or shall I put on a smarter gown?"

She stood up before him as in a cloud of muslin and lace, a gown so flowing and graceful in its drapings over bust and hips, that it might have been water clothing a nymph at a fountain.

"Your careless costume is simply adorable. Only be sure and bring a warm wrap for we may be sitting late upon the lawn."

She touched a spring bell, and her maid appeared with a white Gainsborough hat and a pair of long suede gloves. Wraps were sent for, the butler was informed that his mistress would not dine at home, and the brougham drove off with Gerard on the front seat, opposite Mrs. Champion.

"What can have happened to change your life, if you are not going to be married?" she asked, as they turned into Piccadilly. "You quite mystify me. I hope it is nothing bad—no misfortune to any of your people?"

"No, it is nothing bad, but distinctly good. An eccentric old man, whom I was once so fortunate as to oblige, has left me the bulk of his fortune."

"I congratulate you," she said; but there was a troubled look in her face that surprised him. Surely she ought to have been glad.

"Does that mean that you are a rich man?" she asked.

"Yes, I am a rich man."

"How rich?"

"As rich as anybody need care to be. I am told that the fortune left me is something over two millions."

"Two millions of francs?"

"Two millions sterling."

"Good heaven! Why Champion is a pauper compared with you. This is too absurd!"

"It does savor of the ridiculous, I admit," said Hillersdon, somewhat piqued by her manner of treating the news. "It may be a wretched metier no doubt. I was born to be a hanger-on upon the great world, to taste its pleasures by the favor of its pleasure-giver, to visit in smart houses on sufferance, to live in a shabby lodging and find my warmest welcome at a club."

"Two millions!" repeated Edith. "I am sure Frederick has not as much. Two millions! You will have to marry now, of course."

"Have to! Why should I be constrained to marry just when I have the means of enjoying a bachelor's life?"

"You will be made to marry, I tell you," she answered, impatiently. "You don't know what women are who have daughters to marry. You don't know what girls are—hardened worldly girls, in their third or fourth season—who want to secure a rich husband. You can't possibly estimate the influences that will be brought to bear upon you. All the single women in London will be at your feet."

"For the sake of my two millions. Are women so mercenary?"

"They are obliged to be," answered Edith Champion. "We live in an age in which poverty is the greatest crime. One may be rich or miserable. Do you think I would have consented to marry Mr. Champion, in spite of all the pressure my family put upon me, if I had been brave enough to bear poverty with you. No, to be well born means the necessity of wealth. One's birthright is to belong to the same world, and there to be poor is to be a social martyr. I have often envied the women born at Camberwell or Islington, the women who go to our suburban villas to buy the dinner, and who wear cotton gloves."

"Yes, there is an independence in those lower ranks. One can be poor and unashamed, if one belongs to the proletariat. But be assured, my dear Mrs. Champion, that I would not fill a vile to a manoeuvring mother or an enterprising young lady. I shall know how to enjoy wealth and freedom."

Edith sighed. Would not the independence of unlimited wealth give her the power to throw off the yoke? Could he ever be again—he the millionaire—what he had been to her? Could he ever be the adoring attendant upon her, to be at her beck and call, to be an inevitable guest at all her parties, to hand tea cups to her afternoon visitors, to be her escort the only man present, to fetch and carry for her, find her the newest books in French and German, taste them first before she took the trouble to read them, keep her posted in the gossip of the clubs, so far as such gossip was fitting for a lady to know? For the last few years he had been her second self, had supplemented her intellect, and amused her leisure. But would he be content to play the satellite now that wealth would give him power to be a planet with moons and satellites of his own?

"He will marry," she told herself. "There is no use talking about it. Fate is away to keep him in leading strings while he was too poor to be worth any single woman's attention. But he will be forced into marriage. The thing is inevitable."

The carriage stopped at the riling school.

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and the footman went in to look for Rosa Gresham, who came tripping out presently, airily dressed as befitted the summer solstice, and somewhat purple as to complexion.

"We are going to take you to dine at Hurlingham," said Elith.

"How awfully delicious. I am dead beat. The shilling people were too horrid, staring, and pushing, and squabbling for their right change, and stuffing cake in a truly revolting manner. I don't think quite enough has cleared its expenses. How well you are looking this afternoon, Mr. Hillersdon, and yesterday I thought you looked awful, so hollow under the eyes, so pale and haggard."

"I thought I was going away, to part company with all I cared for," said Gerard.

"And now you are not going?"

"No," Elith answered, with a laugh which was not altogether joyous. "He may well look different. Though form and feature are unchanged, he is a different man. Rosa, you are sitting opposite a millionaire."

"Heavens! Do you really mean it, or is it a joke?"

"I hope and believe that it is serious. I have the assurance of a dry-as-dust solicitor that there is all this money in the world, and that it belongs to me. And I cannot even thank the man who gave it me, for the hand that gave it is in the dust."

"And to think that you never came to our bazaar, never gave a thought, in the midst of your prosperity, to the Anglican Orphans!" exclaimed Rosa.

(To be Continued.)

Geraldine's Failure.

"Bravo! bravo!"

There was vociferous applause with hands as well as voices.

"My dear, that girl is a born actress! How different private theatricals are nowadays! When I was a girl—— Really—they will have her on again then!"

The curtains dividing the audience from the mimic stage were once more drawn a little apart, to admit a pretty girl, with dark, rippling hair, and sparkling eyes, who advanced to make her bow in recognition of the plaudits which rang through the room.

"Who is she?" asked a visitor.

"A Miss Geraldine Norton," was whispered back. "Hasn't any money; lives with an aunt who rather dislikes private theatricals. Might set her face against them utterly, only, luckily for the girl, she is engaged to a well-to-do young fellow—Sydney Ascot—else she'd have to be a governess."

"Is he here?"

"Oh, yes! Behind the scenes. Ha, ha, ha!" Sydney Ascot was behind the scenes. Indeed, at the wings, with his back against the wall, his arms folded, he had witnessed, with the gravest of faces, the triumph of his betrothed, in The Belle's Stratagem."

"By Jove, Syd! doesn't she do it well?" exclaimed a friend, standing at his side. "Why, man, what a solemn countenance! Aren't you pleased!"

"Pleased!" was the response. "I wish to Heaven they'd—they'd hiss her."

"By Jove! Why?"

"Because such applause is enough to turn a girl's head, and give her false notions. She'll believe she is a genius. All this will make her restless to achieve more public glories, and be discontented that she can't; while you know as well as I, Ted, what a vastly different affair is the real thing from the imitation. The successful amateur imagines he or she has but to step from the mimic to the real stage to score an equal victory, and, oh! the disappointment! Geraldine is too fond of acting as it is."

"Here she comes," remarked Ted Downes, who deemed it best to slip away round the wing.

"Oh, Syd, what did you think of me!" exclaimed his betrothed, dancing up to him. "Was it not delightful? And do know it's all over! Oh, if it were only every, every night! But you don't say what you thought of me!"

"I thought you excellent—for an amateur."

The girl's cheeks flushed a little deeper; a hurt expression settled on her features.

"You are not very enthusiastic, at any rate," she said, her lip curling. "You shall hear what the others are saying—that I'm born for an actress."

"Their praise is very injudicious, my love, if it makes you think that your acting here would be accepted at once on the real stage. There would be a lot of hard work, of drilling, of heart-burning disappointment, my darling, before you could obtain even half a success in a second-rate part."

"Complimentary, certainly," she exclaimed, with a short laugh.

"There is a true saying," he smiled—"'Save me from my friends.' Their applause has sent many a young aspirant on the stage to sup cruel disappointment. There, darling, you are very clever as an amateur. Be wise, and think mine the truest praise. Thank Heaven, little wife, you have not to experience the falseness of any other."

"If I were not going to marry you," she exclaimed, with a toss, "I would go on the stage to-morrow. I love it—I adore it!"

"Because they applauded you," he smiled. "Supposing they had hissed? People are hissed on the real stage, you know."

She flashed an angry glance at him from her dark eyes.

"I love acting better than anything," she said, pointedly. "I don't believe what you say. I think you cruel, unjust to say it; and I begin to fancy we may not be as happy together as we thought. At any rate, we shall disagree on this point."

"Geraldine!"

"It's true, I love acting. Oh! I would so like to be an actress."

"Geraldine! Geraldine!" cried a young girl, running up. "Come here, dear; old Mrs. Hudson says she must be introduced to you. Every one's talking of your success."

Geraldine nodded triumphantly, and glanced back at her betrothed, as much as to say, "There, you see," as she hurried off.

"She is one of the sweetest creatures of girls," reflected Sydney, as he slowly followed; "and they will spoil her. If they only knew what 'getting on the stage' means, they would be careful not to turn girls' or male idiots' heads by their folly. I will see Geraldine's aunt. Thank Heaven, I shall soon be my darling's guardian and protector."

Geraldine slept very little that night, being too excited with her success. Sydney Ascot slept, perhaps, not quite so much, for thinking of her.

The following afternoon, he carried out his intention of seeing Miss Frobshere, the aunt of his betrothed.

"My dear Sydney!" exclaimed the old lady, "the girl's just lost her head about it. I wish all the private theatricals were at the bottom of the sea, that I do. If a girl, or a young man, is only praised enough by friends, they think they have but to step upon the real stage, to become at once a Charlotte Cushman or an Edwin Booth. There is no fever like the acting fever. Why," added the old lady, to Sydney's surprise, "I even caught the disease a little in my young days; only my parents, Heaven bless them, stamped it out.

"I don't mind private theatricals," put in Sydney, gravely; "save where it leads to false ideas, and——"

"My dear boy, you can't separate the one from the other. Now there is a letter come from the Griggses to Geraldine, wanting her to play Polly Eccles in Caste, and since not a syllable can I get out of her. I tried by the most cautious leading subject. 'My love,' I said, 'I was thinking about your trousseau.' 'Oh, aunt,' she interrupted, 'don't disturb me. I want to learn this part. The Griggses have given me such short notice.' Here she is."

As she spoke, Geraldine came slowly into the room, through the conservatory. Her eyes were fixed upon one of Samuel French's little yellow play-books, her lips moved. Miss Frobshere shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, Sydney!" exclaimed his betrothed, looking up, her eyes dancing. "I hope you don't want me to go out? I really must get this by heart. Oh, it's such a nice part—I wish you'd give me my cues."

"All right," he rejoined, taking the book.

"What a good fellow!" and she began. "Well, what do you think, eh?"

"Why, I've seen Ada Rehan—a born actress," he said, quietly; "and I must own you don't quite understand the character. Of course it may please your friends of last night——"

Geraldine snatched the book from his hand.

"If you cannot approve, you need not insult," she said, coldly, haughtily.

"He is right, Dine. What he says is for your good," put in Miss Frobshere.

"My dear aunt, at present being dependent upon you, you of course may say what you please," replied Geraldine, as, with the stately step of a Fanny Davenport, she quitted the room.

She did not appear again while Sydney was there. He went away down-hearted. That golden future, which he had regarded as so securely his, seemed vanishing in the dim distance.

The next morning, while he sat at breakfast, a hurried note reached him from Miss Frobshere.

"Come to me at once," it ran. "I am distracted. Geraldine has gone!"

Gone!

For a few seconds he sat motionless, unable to realize the words. Then he sprang up, and was soon hastening to the villa. It was quite true. Geraldine had gone to bed early the previous evening, and next morning her aunt had waited breakfast for her half an hour; then had sent to her room, to find its occupant flown. In vain they searched—not a clue could they discover. They both guessed the truth, and the letter each received that afternoon confirmed it. Sydney's was to this effect:

"MY DEAREST,—I am, I feel, about to cause you great pain; but I cannot avoid it. I release you; I ask you to release me. We think so differently on some points, that I feel we should never be happy as man and wife. The fault would be mine—I own it. I am conscious of histrionic talents within me, which would be endless misery and regret, did I suppress them. I cannot suppress them. I know you are of a different opinion. One day you may have to acknowledge that my friends of last night were right, and you were wrong. In plain words, I am going on the stage, and I mean to be—if not an Ada Rehan, at least a success. There!—it must rest with you how we meet in the future; for I love you, and shall never love another so well, if ever again.

"Yours affectionately,

"GERALDINE."

"Is it to be, I wonder, adieu or *au revoir?*"

"I will find her," cried poor Sydney. "Heaven help her! she knows not what she has done. Ignorant, trustful, ambitious, she will become the dupe of every theatrical agent, every impostor—if not worse. How, too, will she live? She has no money——"

"Yes, she has," put in Miss Frobshere. "Her savings-bank book has gone. She has over a thousand dollars there—she'll draw it all out."

"It will be enough for her to live on, thank God, until I find her!" ejaculated Sydney—"until we can persuade her to communicate with us."

But such a result did not arrive. No notice was taken of the advertisements he put in the papers nearly every day, imploring her, in mysterious sentences, to make her whereabouts known—assuring her that all things should be as she wished, if she only would write.

"Perhaps she has succeeded; she really had talent," remarked Miss Frobshere, compassionating the suffering of her once prospective nephew. "Perhaps she has secured an engagement, and gone on the road."

Sydney snook his head.

"If she has, she has paid her thousand dollars for it," he replied; "and even then, I think she would be so delighted that in triumph she would write to let us know."

It was no good studying the columns of the dramatic papers to see if her aunt's forlorn hope was correct, for, of course, Geraldine had changed her name. How was he to find her? Oh, if he could! She might go on the stage, she might do anything, if she would only let him watch over and protect her as a husband. But six months passed away, and there was no word, no sign of Geraldine.

What might be happening to her! What privations, what suffering might she not be enduring! He knew she would endure much before her pride would let her acquaint them with it.

Sydney Ascot, during these months, was never at rest. Night and day, when he knew rehearsals were on, he haunted the stage-doors of various theatres. He took upon himself the *role* of actor, and was constantly paying fees to theatrical agents for impossible engagements, which gave him the right, however, to drop in at all times at their offices, but never did he see or hear of Geraldine.

"I must give it up. She must be traveling," he thought, dejectedly, as he sat one morning at breakfast. "I can't search all through the country."

He was scanning the advertisements as usual, when his eye lighted on this:

"To ladies and gentlemen with histrionic talent. Vacancies. For further particulars apply to Rosamere No.—Ninety-seventh street New York city, between three and six P. M.

"It's a last chance. I'll try," decided Sydney.

At three he was at the house, when he was shown into a rather large, dingy room, with dark merino curtains over a recess window. The walls were liberally plastered with the photos of actors and actresses of the day. Theatrical papers were scattered on the table and floor.

Several applicants of both sexes were already there. Not the form he sought, and Sydney, having tipped the small boy who acted as usher to summon him last, stepped into the deep shadow of the curtains, sat down, and waited.

Knock, knock! in they came, dupe after dupe, with hope and ambition or hopeless despair beating at each heart.

But not Geraldine!

It was drawing near six o'clock; only one applicant was now waiting beside himself—a young, showily dressed, much made-up young girl—when the door opened, and—she, Geraldine, entered.

At last! Sydney caught his breath, his brain whirled, he felt suffocating, then he recovered, and looked at her. Oh, Heaven, what a change! The face was still pretty, but so pale, so lined with anxiety, the cruel hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. She knew the other, for the latter spoke:

"Got no chance yet, my dear, eh?"

"No," replied Geraldine, listlessly, sitting down. "I've come here to try; but it's the old thing, of course—a fee, and promises never realized."

"You'd best follow my advice. Take to opera bouffe. You are pretty, with a good figure. You'll get engaged for that, just to stand on in a crowd. It keeps off starvation. Then, in time, you may be intrusted with a line or two to speak."

Sydney saw the hot blood leap to his darling's cheek.

"No," she said. "Never that! I'll starve first!"

"That's just what I fear you will do, my dear," remarked the actress, as, summoned by the boy, she left the room.

As the door closed, believing she was alone, Geraldine dropped her head on the table with a moan.

"If this fails me," she almost sobbed, "what shall I do!—oh, what shall I do!"

"Return to me, to your right home in my heart, my darling, my love. Oh, Heaven is merciful to me, for, at last, I have found you, Geraldine!"

He had advanced. His arms were extended, his countenance convulsed with emotion.

Geraldine had sprung up, then recoiled.

"Sydney! You!" she ejaculated. Then, "No, no! I never can return—never!" and she bowed her face in humiliation, in shame, upon her hands.

"Geraldine, from the hour you disappeared, I have been seeking you," he said. "My love has increased at every failure. Will you not give me some recompense for my devotion? Will you, indeed, ruin my life forever? Will you never forgive?"

"I—forgive you! Oh, I was mad—mad!" she murmured, lifting her wan face.

But already his arm had encircled her, and after one effort at release her courage failed, and, weeping, she sank upon his bosom, aware that at the darkest hour the sun had again risen in her life.

One of the prettiest and most contented wives is Mrs. Sydney Ascot, also one of the cleverest amateur actresses in her set. She is always ready to take a part, and her husband is always interested in her success.

Once a pleased spectator remarked that she was an actress lost to the stage.

She gave a little laugh to conceal a shudder, as she replied, that "she had no ambition that way, indeed. Oh, dear, no."

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. P. H., by Mary Cromelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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Last of the Mohicans.

"Ugh!" grunted the uncourageable red man, turning his eagle eye unflinchingly toward the distant blows of the fee, whose camp fires he could see distinctly from the lone hillock on which he stood. "Does the pale-face think he can crush the proud spirit of a descendant of Kickinz Steer and Blood-on-the-Moon? Ha! By the bones of my ancestors, never! This trusty tomahawk shall bury itself in his brain and this Arkansaw toothpick shall lift his beastly scalp. That's the kind of Buffalo Bill I am!" So saying, the fiery, untamed son of the plains, brave Never-Washes-His-Face, gave one last look at the setting sun, took three fingers of fire water from his pint flask, stroke with reluctant step down the slope to his own camp, and gloomily kicked his oldest squaw out of the tepee.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The custom tailoring business carried on by the firm of R Walker & Sons in the city for nearly sixty years has steadily kept pace with the times, and stands to-day without a rival when economy as well as fitting and stylish finish are considered. The selection of goods is probably the largest in the city, and the cutting staff are divided into English and American systems, and all garments are guaranteed satisfactory. Their terms are strictly cash, so that their prices are uniformly lower than the trade generally. She their advertisement on page 12.

About Hearts.

Hearts shaped is the correct thing now-a-days, for everything from a jewelled locket to a lump of wax for each lady's sewing basket. You may have a large ornamental heart on your wall, you may wear a heart on your finger or your neck, (never mind what people say.) You may give a heart dinner at which all the appointments from the cards to the ices are hearts, but, oh dear! You would be a worthy scion of the new school, wear a real heart in your breast, lest you be ill bred or vulgar.—*Louise Markscheffel in Toledo Journal.*

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

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George (excitedly)—Now you've got me!

Mamie—Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so, dear George! I feel better already.—*Puck.*

He Knew.

A Parisian wit once defined experience as a comb that one became possessed of after having lost one's hair.

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An Annoying Incident

Barker—She didn't return your bow, did she Parker—No. The next time I meet her I will explain to her the reason I was with you. *Munsey's Weekly.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Music.

The first concert of the fifth season of the Torrington Orchestra was given at the Pavilion on Monday evening last. A large audience was in attendance, among whom were observable many friends of the University, in aid of whose Library fund this and a following concert are given. The audience was warm and enthusiastic in its applause, no less than five recalls and repetitions being elicited in a programme of eleven numbers. The selection of pieces was eminently a popular one, though as a matter of construction, some people might wonder at three overtures being placed on one programme, while only one movement of a symphony was given. It should be remembered, however, that to play a symphony properly, means to rehearse it with a greater amount of care and frequency than the conditions of orchestral work in Toronto seem to allow. In New York and Boston, where there are splendid orchestras, continuous rehearsal is given to pieces of this description. Yet here, where the instrumentalists are hardly up to the standard of excellence in the orchestras alluded to, there are players who think they do well if they attend one or two rehearsals, and some come in on the evening of the concert, without any preparation.

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Such a procedure cannot fail to have its effect on the quality of the performance, and when all these difficulties are considered it is quite wonderful that the performance of Monday evening should have been as excellent as it was. Mr. Torrington had his forces surprisingly well in hand, and secured, first of all, excellent rythmic precision and very firm attacks. The intonation of the orchestra was very good indeed, the wind especially being rich and mellow. One exception was when Mr. Clarke was playing his cornet solo, when the other cornet insisted upon having a pitch altogether his very own, which was agonizing in its divergence from that of the orchestra. The strings were very good in quality and intonation, especially in the early part of the evening. As the room became warmer the heat affected the strings and the tone was not so pure.

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A splendid rendering was given of Sappe's overture Morn, Noon and Night, brilliant and scintillating in character, and Massenet's Phedre overture was most interesting. It is a fine, massive work, very richly scored, and with tragic and portentous phrases. Its playing by the orchestra was an unqualified pleasure to the audience, though the critic would have wished for greater contrasts of light and shade. The Oberon overture was played with a surprising amount of grace and ideality, though the faster movement was taken at so great a pace as to somewhat obscure its beauties. The Beethoven Larghetto was not as clear in its phrasing as it should have been, but its successor, Gillet's exquisite little Loin du Bal, made up for any shortcomings. It was played with great delicacy and softness and that *bete-noir*, false intonation, was cleverly avoided. I did not like the arrangement of Vieuxtemps' Reverie, a sort of musical curiosity well adapted for a beer garden or music hall, but hardly for a serious concert. The noble theme was vulgarized by the treatment of the arranger, especially in unisons. Mrs. Torrance's tuneful waltz and the Valse Symphonique of Strauss were pleasant foils to the heavier pieces on the programme.

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Of the vocalists, Frau Dunbar-Morawetz gave an excellent and artistic rendition of the aria from Don Carlos, O Don Fatale. She has a very rich, vibrating and sympathetic voice, and uses it with great skill. Her excellent performance secured for her a choice bouquet of roses. Mr. Douglas Bird sang for the first time in my hearing, and I was delighted with the freedom and flow of his tone, and with his distinct enunciation. His voice is light, but very agreeable in quality and absolutely truthful in intonation. Further study, producing greater breadth of tone, more attention to phrasing and expression, should make Mr. Bird a tenor with most favorable prospects for a fortune. He sang I Am Waiting, and Then You'll Remember Me, and took part in the duett, A Night in Venice, with Mrs. J. C. Smith. The lady's voice showed a commendable fulness of tone, and the duett had to be repeated. Miss Florence Clarke played the first movement of Beethoven's C Minor Concerto, including the Reinicke Cadenza. She has a good clear tone, and distinct and facile execution, although the movement was taken a trifle slowly. She displayed a very musicianly conception of the piece and was well received. Mr. H. L. Clarke's cornet solo received, as do all this gentleman's efforts, a hearty encore. Mr. B. L. Faeder did good work as leader of the orchestra.

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There is in New York a society calling itself the MSS. Society of American Composers, limited to one hundred members. Applicants for membership must show good, unpublished work to be eligible. Mr. Clarence Lucas formerly of this city and now of the Utica, N. Y. Conservatory of Music, has been elected a member. His MSS. were: An eight part chorale, a fugued chorus, a scherzo for piano and orchestra, a larghetto for violin and orchestra, and a rhapsody for orchestra. Mr. Lucas is now engaged in scoring a symphony in C minor.

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After many years of triumphantly holding the fort in New York, German opera is doomed at the Metropolitan Opera House in that city, and after this season only Italian and French works will be heard. This means, of course, the exclusion of Wagner, and a revival of the old operas, with the introduction of many of the works that have won recognition in late years.

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Last week I mentioned Miss Louise Singleton of Port Hope as being a clever young pianist. On Wednesday of this week I received an invitation from her father, Mr. Thomas Singleton, to meet the young lady at Messrs. Nordheimer's with some other press men and hear her play. I gladly accepted, and found a bright, brainy-looking child, very modest, yet self-possessed in demeanor, with an air of business and business only about her. She is only eleven years old, yet she played us a selection of standard piano pieces in a manner that hosts of her elders might have envied. She has a powerful touch, round and full in tone quality, and her execution, if not rapid, is yet distinct and clear, her scales and runs being beautifully even and pearly. The quality of distinctness was especially evident in her playing of Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu. Her playing is rich in expression and artistic feeling, notably in Moszkowski's Serenata. She showed brilliancy of effect in the Semiramide Overture, and gave very pleasing renditions of Scharwenka's Polish Dance. She is now engaged on a study of Liszt's Rigoletto Fantaisie. Miss Louise is a child with a promising future before her, and won the admiration of those who heard her on Wednesday.

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The Toronto correspondent of the *American Musician* in speaking of the concert of the Haslam Vocal Society, impugns the artistic appreciation of our Toronto audience in the following manner: "The Violin solos of Prof. Mitchell, while well executed, were decidedly too classical to be thoroughly appreciated by a majority of the audience." I have heard of some talk of this kind, and feel inclined to take up the cudgels on behalf of our audiences, whose intelligence and brilliancy I have heard spoken of with surprise and admiration by artists of all ranks from Paderewski down. The subscription list of the Haslam Vocal Society, some three hundred and thirty in number, represented about a thousand of the thirteen hundred people in the Pavilion on the occasion in question, and I believe the list is a representative one of the fashion and culture of the city. That Mr. Mitchell's solos were not appreciated was not due to the fact of his playing over the heads of his audience, but to other causes quite apparent to those who attended the concert.

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The Choral Society is crossing a stream and is swapping horses while doing, to accept a homely illustration which originated with the late President Lincoln. Owing to the severe illness of Mr. Edward Fisher, which has prevented him from conducting the rehearsals of the society, he has felt himself forced to resign the directorship. The committee is an energetic one, and is not daunted by this untoward state of affairs. It is now negotiating, or about to do so, with Signor D'Auria, with a view to securing his services as director. I hope that the society will continue its work, in spite of the depressing influence of the withdrawal of its favorite preceptor, and I fancy that the public spirit which has animated the committee in former years will enable its members to make satisfactory arrangements for a successful continuance of the society's season.

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The Philharmonic Society has concluded to give its two concerts on consecutive evenings in April, when Massenet's Eve and Mendelssohn's Elijah will be sung, with the great Santley in both performances. This will be an event of rare significance in our musical history, and is highly creditable to the enterprise of the society.

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The Harmony Club has completed the organization of its executive committee, which is composed of the following gentlemen in addition to its officers: Messrs. F. Beardmore, R. Cowan, A. S. Foy, P. Hodgins, J. A. Macdonald, George S. Michie and E. C. Rutherford. The selection of a conductor and of an opera to be performed will be taken up forthwith.

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The Toronto Vocal Society's concert announced for Thursday evening takes place too late for notice in this issue, but will receive due attention next week.

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I have received a copy of *Presto*, a musical journal published in Chicago, and quite characteristic of the energy of that city. Its editorial and selected matter show good judgment, and a generous space is devoted to trade matters.

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Next week's events comprise the annual concert of the Caledonian Society on Tuesday evening, and those of the Sons of England at the Pavilion, and of the Toronto Vocal Society at the West End Y. M. C. A. on Thursday.

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The Orpheus Male Quartette has assumed its old-time organization, and now consists of Messrs. Taylor, Lye, Warrington and Schuch.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

This appears to be the winter of our discontent as far as dramatic affairs are concerned. We have this week another trio of spectacular melodramas at the three local theatres. Considered as melodramas the three of them have many points of excellence. The agony is piled up good and high and anyone who can leave his ideas of reality and probability at home and will allow himself to be tossed on wild waves of exaggerated emotion—heart rending groans, deluges of tears, inhuman brutality, storms of anguish, preternatural heroism, sublime trust and angelic faith, can be thrilled and rethrilled at anyone of these plays. This class of play is constructed to appeal to people who do not know enough, or who do not care, to go beneath the surface to hunt for motives or to find the springs of action. As this class is largely in the majority it follows that scarcely any play has a longer or more profitable existence than a successful melodrama. All that is required is sufficient thrill—plenty of exciting encounters. Thrill's the thing—thrill, that grips hold of one, oppresses the breath, fixes the eyes, opens the mouth and fairly lifts one out of his seat. What fun the players of melodrama must sometimes have with their audiences when the curtain falls and they separate encounter! It must be tough on their self-respect, however.

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Wilson Barrett and Hall Caine's Good Old Times, played at the Grand this week, is a typical English melodrama. It is another Lights o' London. It has a vigorous unreality that is admirable in its way. With a high-handed English assurance it seems to say "You may think this is all wrong, but it isn't. It is all right, because I say it is all right and therefore it cannot be wrong." Then you are stunned by its audacity and before you know it, you are half inclined to believe that it is all right. But it is not. Judged from a box office standpoint, as a hurly burly to attract the multitude and put shekels in the manager's pockets it may be all right. Drama judged from this standpoint alone must soon end in suicide. To keep above earth any institution, it has to be founded on something more substantial than the greed of gain. But judged as a genuine dramatic production it is all wrong. This is apparent to anyone who attempts to analyze such a play as the one in question. It may be said that no one claims they are legitimate dramatic productions and should not be judged as such. It may also be said that often to the assurance of the advance representative there is no end. I believe that one of these shows playing here this week had the audacity to announce that "Notwithstanding, etc., there will be no advance in prices." The facts of the case are that every one of these melodramas is claimed to be far and away above its real merits. But let us return to the Good Old Times. This is a good melodrama. It involves a case of unrequited love, of passionate jealousy and a murder or two in England. Then the scene of operations is transferred to Botany Bay and the pains and humiliations of the convict life are worked in with good effect. The jealousies begun in England are carried half way around the globe. So is the devotion of two wives. Then there are hair-breadth escapes, treachery, wonderful craft, heroic defence and a happy ending. These are presented in a setting of realistic scenery that, like the play, is a trifle highly colored, but adds immensely to the interest of the piece. The management and arrangement of scenery are very well done and a number of novel and charming effects are produced. Messrs. Atkins Lawrence and John Glendinning take the leading parts of chief hero and chief villain respectively very successfully. Mr. Norman Campbell is very fantastic as Spot, an Aboriginal, and Mr. Alf. Fisher makes a capital Cockney. Mr. Fred C. Brooks gives promise of good work and his fiddling was well appreciated.

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Mr. William Redmund, in a drama called Cuchillo, made his *debut* before a Toronto audience at the Academy on Monday to a bumper house. Mr. Redmund has been acting for a long time on the other side of the border. He takes the title *role*, besides having through dramatic necessity to portray the character of Eugene Kandos of New York. The scene is first placed at Buenos Ayres, South America, and after the first act is shifted to the Kandos residence in New York City. Eugene Kandos, by his very dissipated life, reduces the family circumstances greatly, and finally forsakes his wife and daughter. The wife, Parquita Kandos as a prima donna, wins her way independently to affluence and a splendid home, where her husband appears in a drunken state and debilitated condition and claims the right of a husband's position. A quarrel ensues here as the wife will not receive her unfaithful lord, and in the course of it he stabs her, though not mortally. Cuchillo, a guest at the time, and Clermont, a *roue* and gambler, pursue him, and having caught him Clermont kills him while he is in conflict with Cuchillo. Clermont then suggests to Cuchillo to make use of his strong resemblance to Kandos, and claim the Kandos estate. Cuchillo, being a man of principle, at first cannot entertain such an idea, but shortly consents. Cuchillo takes possession of the property, marries, and keeps Annetta, the daughter of Kandos, as his own in stronger support of his claim. The apparels of Cuchillo and Kandos had been exchanged so that through their strong physical resemblance it would appear that Kandos was still alive. Mrs. Kandos, Parquita, who during the lapse of two years had been hunting evidence against Kandos, finally appears at the estate and thinks in Cuchillo she sees Kandos. Cuchillo through the pains of remorse in the midst of happy domestic relations is driven to the verge of suicide, but suddenly resolves to bear it like a man for his wife's sake. The securing of a lost marriage certificate, which proves him a half-brother of Kandos, suddenly turns the tide and ends all in happiness. Mr. Redmund fills the leading position successfully, and is very well supported by Mrs. Thomas Barry as Madame Parquita, Mr. Charles E. Bunnell as Clermont and Miss Clara Swartz. The scenery is very fair.

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James H. Wallick, one of the favorites at Jacobs & Sparrow's is playing at that house this week in The Cattle King and The Mountain King. Mr. Wallick's style of play and style of playing are well-known here as The Cattle King has been presented in Toronto several times before. The drawing and singing of Mr. Charles Crosby relieves the intensity of the playing. The support is fair.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

Madame Bernhardt is under contract to appear at the Garden Theatre, New York, on February 2. She will open in La Tosca.

A few weeks ago there were no less than four pantomimes of The Babes in the Wood being performed in London. The woods were full of them.

Henry Arthur Jones, in a public speech the other day, said; "Either you can guide us to fashion plays for you that will make audience and author alike the contempt of whatever calm, artistic judgment shall in future be brought to bear upon them; or you can lead us to the embodiment and portrayal of all that is of permanent and distinctive value in our national English life to-day—to the creation of living works of stage art which shall be held in loving remembrance when you and I shall have passed away."

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Madame Modjeska, who is spending the Winter in Europe, has been playing an engagement in Posen, where she drew crowded houses for a month. Posen is virtually a Polish city, and the enthusiastic people came for miles around to see her peiformance. Entertainments of all kinds were offered her, dinners, receptions, drives, until the fair artist was finally compelled to decline further invitations from sheer exhaustion. At her last appearance she was presented with a large wreath of the rarest flowers, tied with the national colors. The speech that accompanied it was of the most eulogistic character, and expressed the desire for her speedy return. Madame Mojeska has arranged to tour in America next season.

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The enterprise of the British advertiser breaks out in many forms as is evidenced by the following: "This curious advertisement recently appeared in several of the big London dailies: 'Wanted, eight bald-headed men to occupy eight adjoining seats in row three of Drury Lane stalls on the first night of the Christmas pantomime. Each applicant will be furnished with a new dress suit, a *boutonniere*, will receive cab fares and a supper at midnight. Apply, etc.' Manager Harris, not having any unusual ballet on the night in question, looked into the matter and discovered that the proprietor of an enterprising weekly wished to paint on bald heads Nos. 1, 3, and 7 the letter T, on bald head 8 the letter S, on bald head 5 the letter B, and on bald head 4 a hyphen, so that the back rows, boxes, circles and pit would read the name of the paper, *Tit-Bits*. Harris offered to put the baldsters in the harlequinade with their backs to the audience, but refused to let his stalls for advertising purposes.

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Joseph Jefferson told Frank Carpenter, the correspondent, says the *Mirror*, that he wrote the Autobiography practically without notes. "I have never kept a diary," he said. "I am fortunate in having a good memory; I wrote the entire book from that. I began it about three years ago, and wrote by fits and starts as the humor seized me. It was curious the way my mind worked. I would awake in the middle of the night from a sound sleep for no reason that I could see, and would think of some of my past experiences. If I went to sleep again I would find in the morning that I knew that I had remembered something during the night which I intended to record when I got up, but I could not think what that something was. After this I had a pencil and notebook by my bedside, and at such times as I awoke and thought of the matter I would rise and write out the material. In preparing the book finally I found these memoranda of great value, and that in most cases the first records were better than anything I could write." Mr. Jefferson added that he did not see why an actor should not have a natural bent toward literature and why he should not write fluently and well. His whole life is made up of the interpretation of literature; he has to appreciate all the phases of thought and expression, and his whole life is, to a certain extent, a time of education.

Varsity Chat.

Peculiar are the opinions which many people entertain regarding students. They imagine that most of the boys have a "high time,' and indeed a few of the burners of the midnight oil, no matter how staid or austere they may be, delight in inculcating the idea that but few of their hours are devoted to study, as they are always bent on enjoyment. They pretend to have an admiration for the "corp'ral" in the story of Pretty Annie when he says, "Eyah! They was great times. I'm ould now; my hide's wore off in patches, sinthry go has disconceited me, and I'm a married man tu. But I've had my day, and nothin' can take away the taste av that! Oh, my time past whin I put me foot through ivery livin' wan av the Tin Commandments between Revilly and Lights Out, blew the froth off a pewter, wiped me mustache wid the back av me hand an' slept on ut all as quiet as a little child!" There are no "corp'ris" at the 'Varsity. As soon as a student reaches the college he is under the strong influence of a well-organized Temperance Society, Young Men's Christian Association and kindred organizations. In fact, so strong is this influence that a man who tries to put his foot through the Ten Commandments is sure to meet with invulnerable opposition.

As we students examine the list of gentlemen appointed as examiners and associate examiners for the High School leaving and University Matriculation examination, we are of the opinion that old 'Varsity's interests are safe. Her sons have the controlling power on the board, and why should they not? The country surely has faith in her own highest seat of learning.

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The Law of Mortality, such was the subject of a lecture by Mr. F. Sanderson, M.A. ('87), before the meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society this week. Poets may write that science moves but slowly on from point to point, but the points accumulate rapidly and new sciences arise. Who would have thought that our mathematical men would ever sit down and calmly calculate the probability of the duration of life? What satisfaction it would be for some of the freshmen to know what the probabilities are that they will live long enough to graduate.

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Mr. G. R. Faskin, B.A., '90 is teaching in Owen Sound Collegiate Institute.

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Rev. Dr. Nevins, who spent some time as a missionary in North China, addressed meetings of the students during the past few days.

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Mr. J. H. Brown presided at the meeting of the freshmen in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Tuesday last. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. W. H. Pease, R. H. Glover, W. P. Reeve and G. L. Lambe. Mr. C. A. Stuart acted as judge and Mr. J. Griffith as critic. Music was furnished by Miss De Beauregard, Miss Withrow and Miss Topping. Miss Durand, the class poet, obtained many facts for a future epic.

DRAX ALEEN.

What Spoiled It

For Saturday Night.

Only a rumor slyly entwined
With a lying story a friend had told—
Those cursed friends whose art could find
A flaw in a nugget of purest gold!

Only a glance from a woman's eye,
One of those glances that sting and lash;
Only a drawling cold reply
From the sneering curl of a long mustache.

She had a spirit that naught could break,
He had a tongue that could wound and kill,
And each of them made a mistake
There, at the bottom of life's long hill.

Had she but tried a more generous plan
The idler's lie had been fairly met,
For he was only a hasty man,
Given to sneer, to forgive and forget.

She would have filled his lonely life
And helped him climb the loftiest height,
And he would have worshipped a noble wife
And seen the world in a kindlier light.

For his sneering manner was after all
But a foil for a sensitive lonely pride,
And the tongue that spoke as the' dipt in gall
Loved best in a velvet sheath to hide.

And her look, it was only a woman's look,
Maddening—but only one wink from tears,
For her heart was as true as the Sacred Book,
As he might have learned, in after years.

But the glance struck home and the words were said
Now price fights bravely for tongue and eye,
The years roll on and find neither wed
And the tattlers gossip and wonder why.

"I told you so" picks up her work
And runs to chatter with "Pass it on,"
And their needles click as they smile and smirk
O'er two poor characters lost and gone.

A little drama we all have seen—
Where tongues do mischief, which time ne'er mends,
'Till friendships seem but a hideous dream—
God save us all from our dearest friends!

ED. W. SANDYS.

A Skating Song.

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill,
As it shrieks the meadow and sweeps the hill!
Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight
That tingle and beat in the winter's night,
When over the crystal lake we glide,
Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide!

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye,
For the joyous laugh and the courage high!
Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong,
So that life is gay as a merry song,
For the motion fearless, smooth and fleet,
When skates are wings to the flying feet!

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair
Spread boldly out in the brilliant air!
Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow,
On the mountains high, in the valleys low!
Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide,
Fearless as over a highway tried!

Hurrah for the girls who skate so well—
Dorothy, Winifred, Kate and Nell!
Hurrah for the race we're bound to win,
And the curves and figures we mean to spin!
Hurrah for the joy that wings our feet,
When, like dancers gay, we pass and meet!

Who chooses may boast of the summer time,
Hurrah, we cry, for the frost and rime,
For the icicles pendant from roof and eaves,
For snow that covers the next year's sheaves!
Hurrah for the gleaming, glassy lake
Where the skaters hold their pleasure take!

MARGARET SANGSTER.

Mabel.

'Tis winter. Now no longer
Can Mabel, sweet maid,
Perched on the lofty grand stand,
Her baseball lore parade,
And when the home club chances
To win the bleachers' shout,
Call, in her rich contralto,
"George, are the umpires out?"

No. But at hop and party
Gleams, as a star, her mind.
There, when she sits at euchre
Riches galore I find.
She, for whose love in rapture
Hearts by the dozen thump,
Asks, holding out the joker,
"Say, is this thing the trump?"

Then, when the Prince of Denmark,
Thrills to the core each heart,
Or, when the chords of Wagner
Lead us from earth apart,
When, from impassioned poet
Beauties each word we wait,
"Say," says this modern Helen,
"George, is my hat on straight?"

—*Life*

The Heart of a Man.

The heart of a man, it is a toy,
A well of life and rest,
A furnace fierce, a pitfall deep;
Of all things dear, the best.

A trap, a hedge, a fruitful field,
A spring, an open sea,
A midnight black, a radiant day,
A slave, and yet too free.

A palace fair, a dungeon foul,
A doorway into Heaven,
The gate of hell, aye, hell itself,
When love is not its leaven.

A page, a book, a library,
A faint and fading line,
A note discordant, harsh, and dread,
A symphony divine.

A query sharp, an answer deep,
An echo, yet a voice,
The source of woman's bitterness,
The chalice of her joys.

—*Matilda Fletcher in Cleveland Leader.*

Good-night, Sweetheart.

"Good-night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart."
The words rang out while hot tears start,
And little hands, so fair to see,
Are tenderly stretched out to me;
Yet coldly from them I depart—
Good-night sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart.

Good-night—ah, such a night!—I knew
The sweet lips yearned for kisses too—
Asking no other earthly bliss
Than just one fond, forgiving kiss;
One kiss—and as my steps depart,
Unanswered words—"good-night, sweetheart."

Ah, dear! if we could only know
The gentle hearts that love us so,
The angry words that give you pain,
We'd let you kiss them back again.
I answer now, while hot tears start,
"Good night, sweetheart, good-night, sweetheart!"

Noted People.

Mrs. John Sherwood has finished a new book on society.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, having been pulled down by overwork, has gone to Tiflis, Asiatic Russia—a city noted for its hot baths—to recuperate.

During the illness of the late Emperor Frederick, it became so much the fashion to consult Dr. Morell Mackenzie that his professional income rose to an average of twelve hundred dollars a day.

Mary E. Williams, who is one of the coming novelists, is a young woman of thirty. She is unmarried, short in stature and a blonde. Her face is bright, her manner vivacious and her modesty notable.

During the present century, three girl queens have, before the advent of Queen Wilhelmina, almost simultaneously ascended the throne of a European nation: Maria da Gloria of Portugal, Isabella of Spain, and Victoria of England.

Mr. Parnell has had an offer from Messrs. Thompson, Gaylor and Depree of seventy-five thousand dollars for one hundred lectures in America. They offered to deposit twenty-five thousand dollars, but it is said that Mr. Parnell declines.

J. Gould's daily income is said to be about $7 500. But this is rather small compared to Rockefeller, who is supposed to receive $18,000 daily, or Astor, who gets $23,000 daily, or even Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has to get along with $15,000 every twenty-four hours.

A new departure in woman's work has been made by the Misses Searle and Gorton of Chicago, who have organized a publishing firm. Both ladies are young, and one has had some experience as a newspaper writer, while the other has done much illustrating.

Richard Harding Davis, who is to be associated with George William Curtis in the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*, is only twenty-six years of age. He is the son of the well known journalist, Mr. L. Clarke Davis of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis.

A direct descendant of Joan Hart, Shakespeare's sister, has recently died in England. She was a Mrs. Fletcher, and pursued gun making as a trade. In this business she was extremely successful. Her chief pride was that she was the possessor of Shakespeare's jug and stick.

Henry Johnson, a slave with a history, who was set free by his master, Mr. Foxall, and who waited upon Clay, Webster, Calhoun and other great men, and who is said to have come in contact with every president save Washington, is living in poverty at the age of ninety years in Washington.

The writer, who has been dear to children's hearts for many years under the pseudonym of A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England), and whose real name is Miss Tucker, is a busy worker among the zenanas of northern India. She is said to be a charming old lady, and to be devoted to her mission work.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the magazine writer, is the daughter of a country doctor. She was born and brought up on the sea coast of Massachusetts, and the impressions of her childhood, obtained by contact with seafaring persons, are the great store-house from which she draws her stories. She is not exactly a pretty woman, but her manner is most attractive, and Boston worships her.

Duke Charles of Bavaria and his noble wife spend the greater part of their time in caring for the sick and distressed. Both are thoroughly trained oculists, and the duke has established, at his own expense, a large hospital in Bavaria, in which the eye department is open to all poor patients, without charge. The duchess is his most valuable assistant and takes part in the skilful operations, for which he is so famous. She also visits patients at their homes and often stays to nurse them herself.

Francis the Second of Naples, that lveless Bourbon dunce whose throne Garibaldi overthrew in 1860, and who is said to be one of Daudet's "kings in exile," still lives in aimless comfort in Paris, where his sole activity is walking once a day from his apartment to the church of St. Philippe to say his prayers. He is rather small and insignificant in appearance, and looks like a pensioned bank clerk rather than a "monarch retired from business."

Americans who remember the Louis Kossuth of forty years ago—handsome, romantic, eloquent, impassioned—can not easily imagine him a worn and feeble veteran of eighty-eight, earning in exile a scanty income by his pen. Though fortune, friendships, and patriotic hopes are long outlived, he still keeps his sensitive honesty, and lately refused an offer from his publishers to advance three thousand florins in anticipation of future articles, on the ground that he might not live to fulfill his contract.

Mrs. Alexander, the well known authoress, whose name is in reality Mrs. Alexander Hector, is a fair-faced, gray-haired lady, who lives in a quiet home on the outskirts of London. She is a tremendous though systematic worker, and spends all of her mornings before a handsome oak desk, with an enormous Persian tabby cat of great age lying beside her. She is pre-eminently a lovable woman, and grants the reason of her holding so many friendships is, that she never rubs people the wrong way, and has a correct valuation of trifles. Together with unusual amiability, the clever Irishwoman has plenty of backbone; for, as she wisely remarks: "Mere softness and compliance will never bear the friction of life."

Americans in Paris give glowing accounts of Minister Reid's splendid entertainments. Mrs. Reid dispenses hospitality with a liberal hand. She is slight and delicate in appearance and she dresses with extreme Parisian elegance and good taste. Her Monday receptions are open to all Americans of respectability, whether they are passing tourists or residents of the city. Miss Reid, the minister's niece, usually presides at the tea-table, and Mr. Reid himself is often present and adds to the intellectual and social enjoyment of the occasion. Dinner-parties, balls, receptions and *fêtes* are given in almost constant succession, while the minister's elegant box at the Grand Opera House is often at the service of his traveling countrymen.

Ontario's Pioneer Poet.

WILLIAM A. STEPHENS.

It is a fact known to comparatively few of the present generation that the pioneer poet of Ontario, William A. Stephens, a man who in his day was one of the central figures of the letters of this young country, is still living in peaceful retirement, surrounded by his family, in the picturesque young northern city of Owen Sound. Though now almost unknown (except locally) to the reading public, Mr. Stephens has been a writer of no mean rank; and to him belongs the honor of having published the first volume of poems ever issued from the press in Upper Canada. Born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1809, he emigrated to Canada with his parents at a very early age, and may be looked upon as a Canadian more than an Irishman, especially as his writings show that he imbibed a strong colonial spirit, and as he has always been known as a man of the highest Canadian national feeling.

His verse, it is true, has not gained any lasting name in literature. But in this respect it is not unlike the earnest, meritorious toil of those brave men and women who, long years ago, plunged into the depths of the Canadian forests, axes in hand, to hew away the growths of centuries and make the path easier for the unborn hosts who were to follow. Their names, their hardships and sufferings are now rapidly passing away into oblivion; and if Mr. Stephens' work is neglected and forgotten at the present day, it is but sharing the same fate as theirs, though of him it may also be said that he was a pioneer smoothing and straightening the road for the writers who have come after him. Mr. Stephens may most fittingly be described as an

> . . . . . "humbler poet
> Whose songs gushed from his heart,
> As showers from the clouds of summer,
> Or tears from the eyelids start."

His first volume was published in 1840, under the title of Hamilton and Other Poems; and, as has been remarked before, this was the first volume of verse printed in Upper Canada. It contained, in the first edition, 180 pages; but in the volume now lying before me, which is one of the edition of 1871, there are 410 pages, the work having been considerably enlarged by additions in verse and the insertion of two lectures delivered by the author at Owen Sound.

Mr. Stephens opens his preface to the book with the following remarks:

"If I had not written this book no one else in the world would or could have written it; no one else was in a position to select all the subjects that I have chosen, and to look upon them from my standpoint. And if anyone had attempted it, no matter what his ability or experience, our books could not have been identical. No one but he who is, can be the parent of his own offspring, either mental or natural."

This is certainly a common enough truth, but it is seldom that one sees it so aptly put.

The first poem in the book is on a subject which breathes the very essence of early colonial life—the loss of a child (the author's infant sister) in the woods bordering the Credit river. This distressing event occurred on the 17th of April, 1827, and was a fitting inspiration for what we are told was the first production the author published and one of the earliest he had written. The whole event is graphically portrayed—the anguish of the mother and father, the terror of the little sisters and brothers, the fruitless search by day, the weird spectacle of men beating through the forest by midnight under the glare of torches, the finding of the lost child speechless with exposure and terror, the wild tempestuous joy of the return, all this is presented to the reader with much force.

Hamilton, the main poem of the book, and the longest Mr. Stephens has written with the exception of The Centennial: an International Poem, published in '78 contains some admirable passages. As Bishop Strachan remarked concerning it, "There is very little of Hamilton in it;" but in this respect, as the author subsequently stated, "it resembles Cowper's Task." There is not space to make more than one extract from this poem. I have chosen what appeals to me as one of the finest passages:

> "Oh, muse! what art thou, strange mysterious sprite?
> Who first invoked thee from the realms of light?
> What happy hard first waked the living lyre?
> Did he create thee, or didst thou inspire?
> Wert thou the creature of his fancy, wrought
> 'To fulness by the fiat of his thought;'
> Or didst thou come to make thy being known
> While intellectual glory round thee shone,
> The lyre thy sceptre and the mind thy throne?
>
> "Didst thou illumine, in the olden time
> The mind of Homer with thy light sublime,
> Who roll'd in majesty the tide of song,
> Bright'ning in glory as it rolls along,
> In heavenly harmony through distant years,
> Bright and immortal as revolving spheres?
> How many names were saved by Homer's lyre
> From blank oblivion! His poetic fire
> Enshrin'd their men'ries and bequeath'd each name
> An everlasting legacy to fame!
> Well I remember, 'twas in boyhood's hours,
> I read him first 'mid wild woo'ns and wild flowers,
> Tending the oxen in the hours of noon,
> In brightest days of sunny May and June,
> When 'Back' and 'Bright' were from the yoke release'd
> To rest and on the woodland herbage feast.
> There were no pasture fields; then all was new,
> But flowers and herbs in wild profusion grew;
> Since then laborious, persevering toil
> Has clear'd the woods and ploughshares turn'd the soil.
> Upon a bank, thick strewn with wither'd leaves,
> Where nature's hand the mossy carpet weaves,
> I oft reclined, with head in hand,
> By forests shaded and 'by soft winds fann'd';
> The oxen browsing round, whose brazen bell,
> With noisy tongue, their whereabouts would tell."

I have space for only two other selections and it is with difficulty that I choose them. The first one, entitled A Year Ago To-day, was very popular at one time, and went the rounds not only of the Canadian, but also of the American and English press:

> "A year ago it is to day
> Since little Ernest died;
> Between the living and the dead
> There is a gulf so wide!
>
> "Short was his life, a week of years
> Was all that he had seen—
> The winters with their robe of white,
> The summers with their green.
>
> "He never heard the wintry storm,
> The summer's rustling leaf,
> Nor music of the singing birds—
> Our little boy was deaf.
>
> "'Twas so, our Ernest never knew
> A word of human speech—
> The name of anything on earth
> His mind could never reach.
>
> "Sight, taste, and smell and touch were all
> The avenues of thought,
> By which the things of heaven and earth
> Within his mind were brought.
>
> "And these were all acute; there was
> No deafness in his eyes—
> How joyous often was their glance
> Of pleasure or surprise!
>
> "Tho' none by *name*, yet all by sight,
> Each one he knew full well,
> And keenly felt each kindly act
> And *other* acts as well.
>
> "And most were kind; a sympathy
> Was felt by one and all;
> Our smiling little dummy boy
> A favorite was with all.
>
> "Poor little dear! no idle word
> Against him shall arise,
> When he with all that lived shall meet
> The judgment of the skies!
>
> "Then some may have the bitter wish,
> When that dread time has come,
> Who used their speech in sin and pride,
> That they too had been dumb.
>
> "He's no more deaf than all the dead,
> Since he has passed the bourne;
> And from the land of peace and rest,
> We would not say return.
>
> "He now may know what deafness means
> And what 'tis to be mute;
> How thoughts are clothed in breathing words,
> That each the other suit.
>
> "And he may tell in spirit's speech,
> To kindred spirits, who
> May listen when he says, 'On earth
> No word I ever knew.
>
> "'I did not know my parents' name,
> My country, age or race;
> I did not know the God who made,
> And saves me by his grace.
>
> "'I did not know that I should die,
> That I was made of dust;
> Nor of a life beyond the sky,
> Nor of the Christian's trust.
>
> "'But now I know my parents dear,
> My brothers, sisters too,
> Shall leave the world where now they live,
> And be like me and you.'"

The tenderness, sweetness and delicacy that breathe through every line of this poem, it were hard to surpass. And now only one more selection, On Seeing in the Distance a Light in the Window of Home:

> "Yon lamps that bespangle, on high,
> The glorious scene of night,
> Shed their radiance around on the sky,
> But I turn to a lowlier light.
>
> "Yon glimmering lamp, far below
> The vault of night's luminous dome,
> Doth it's mellowing brilliancy throw
> On the humbler haven of home.
>
> "The blaze of ambition may lead
> The youthful aspirant afar,
> Where nodding plumed warriors bleed,
> 'Mid the struggles and triumphs of war!
>
> "He may follow its blaze thro' the storm,
> O'er the wide rolling billows of foam!
> But its lustre O never can charm
> Like the peaceful enjoyments of home.
>
> "Lo! Byron has donn'd his bright crown
> Which he wears by the fiat of fame,
> While the loud trumpet blast of renown
> The triumphs of genius proclaim!
>
> "He may gather the incense of praise,
> And through visions of glory may roam,
> But hark, mid the laurel and bays,
> He mourns the lost pleasures of home!"

Surely these are not the productions of an unworthy pen! They are but three almost random extracts from five hundred pages of verse. I have made no selection from The Centennial.

Mr. Stephens was also the author of many impromptus, crisp and epigrammatic in their style; and in 1848 appeared from his pen A Poetical Geography and Rhyming Rules for Spelling. In 1853 he edited the Owen Sound *Lever*, and for years contributed both prose and verse to some of the leading Canadian and American papers, among which may be mentioned *The Niagara Gleaner; The Palladium, The Examiner* and *The Leader*, Toronto; *The Streetsville Review; The Owen Sound Times; The Philadelphia Saturday Courier;* and *The Baptist Magazine*, Montreal. He was for a long time Collector of Customs at Owen Sound, but advancing years forced him to resign.

Now, at the ripe old age of eighty-one, he is entirely unknown as a contributor to any papers. Few of our younger writers have read his works; few have even heard his name. Yet he is a man, who, unfavored by circumstance, wielded his pen at one time with great ease and force, and won for himself a more than local name. Certainly as the pioneer poet of Ontario, he deserves a much larger place in the records of this young country's young but vigorous literature than he has yet been accorded.

T. J. REXALEDAN.

The Home Market.

De Mascus—Shall you go south for the winter?

St. Agedore—No; I can get all the winter I want right here.—*St. Joseph News.*

The Modern Child

Jeamey—Miss Eisle, your mamma wishes you to go out for a walk in the park this afternoon.

Little Eisle—Tell her that I do not wish to go, James. I have made up my mind to go to the opera this evening, and do not want to get tired; and say, James, couldn't you hook me another pot of jam from the storeroom?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

George Bancroft.

The long and busy life of America's great historian closed last Saturday. It was a life full of useful labors and well earned honors. From the outset of his career he was a devoted and painstaking student of history, and accumulated vast stores of knowledge that in after years were abundantly utilized. Mr. Bancroft was not a historian alone. He had filled positions of high trust in the service of his country. The stanch friend of American institutions, honoring them by his life and works; a lover of his country and a defender of the faith on which its foundations rest, in all respects an admirable as well as gifted citizen, his death removes one of the most conspicuous and central figures of the century.

George Bancroft's life began with the century, and it has been crowded full of honors. When he was at Leipsic, in 1819, Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell wrote: "He is a most interesting youth, and is to make one of our great men." In many respects Bancroft fulfilled this promise of his youth. In his twentieth year he was awarded the degree of Ph. D. by the University of Gottingen, and soon after this he made the acquaintance of Goethe. He had already selected history as his special branch of study, and distinguished himself for his erudition on the subject at Berlin, Heidelberg, and Harvard, where in 1822 he occupied the position of teacher of Greek. At this time he thought seriously of entering the ministry, and preached several effective sermons, but literature proved to have too strong a hold upon him. In 1823 he published a volume of poems, and in the following year a translation of Heeren's Politics of Ancient Greece. Six years later he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, but refused to take his seat. The next year he refused a nomination for the State Senate, yet in 1838 President Van Buren appointed him collector of the port of Boston. Under President Polk he was Secretary of the Navy, and signalled his administration by the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. From 1846 to 1849 Mr. Bancroft was minister to Great Britain; in 1867, was appointed minister to Russia; in the following year, was the American representative to the North German Confederacy, and in 1871 to the German Empire.

The first volume of his History of the United States was published in 1834; the second, in 1839; the third, in 1840; and the fourth to tenth, at intervals from 1852 to 1874. In 1876 the work was revised, and the volumes eleven and twelve, a history of the Constitution of the United States, were published. But in careful revision and addenda Mr. Bancroft busied himself until 1885, when a revised edition was published in six volumes. This work in itself necessitated a large correspondence, in addition to which Mr. Bancroft was a member of many learned societies both here and abroad, and perhaps had more degrees tendered to him than any man of his time. Of recent years poor health largely interfered with his useful labors. In 1882 he wrote to a lady: "I was trained to look upon life as a season for labor. Being more than fourscore years old, I know the time for my release will soon come. Conscious of being near the shores of eternity, I am waiting, without impatience and without dread, the beginning of the end which will summon me to rest." In his ninetieth year Mr. Bancroft grew very feeble, and his strong intellect gave way to the weight of years. He was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, and was the son of Rev. Aaron Bancroft.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society

The above society met, as usual, last Saturday evening in Convocation Hall. In the absence of the president, Mr. Simpson, the first vice, filled the chair.

This being about the first time that Mr. Kappelle has been absent from his post, and as it is nicer, and in some cases safer, to speak one's mind behind people's backs than before their faces, I consider the opportunity fitting to say a few words regarding him.

As a president Mr. Kappelle has proved to be a huge success. Never since the formation of the society, although we have had many brilliant men in the chair, have we had a president who entered into his work with such whole-heartedness, grudging neither time nor money, but working on with admirable patience, steady zeal, and a single eye to the society's interests. Under his able pilotage our little ship of State has avoided dangerous rocks and shoals, has discovered undiscovered fields and is fast approaching that safe haven, under the lee of the benchers, and the protecting wing of the Law Society, where is our natural position, for are we not their children and future prop? I am the last man to say that in the past there have not been faults on both sides, which have, unfortunately, made breaches which should never have existed; but, after all, are not our interests identical? Is not the glory, honor and good name of the Law Society just as dear to the enthusiastic heart of the student as it is to the hoary-headed and venerable Q. C.? Should not the child's place be near the heart of its parent? And though governed with firmness should not the grand ruling principle, after all, be love? Fellow students, let us rally round our president, who is working with all his honest heart, and let us look to it that we do not abuse privileges that may be granted us. It is a good thing to ask too much, but if we once realize that the governing body of the society are doing their best for us, all the sting of a refusal will be eliminated. Let us feel the dignity of the benchers to be dear to us as our own honor, and I venture to predict that in future happiness and the best of goodwill shall be our portion. Diplomacy, after all, pays better than war, and this society appreciates the fact that chiefly through the agency of Mr. Kappelle we are making a ten year stride in the short space of twelve months.

An octette of the Glee Club rendered two selections which were most enthusiastically received.

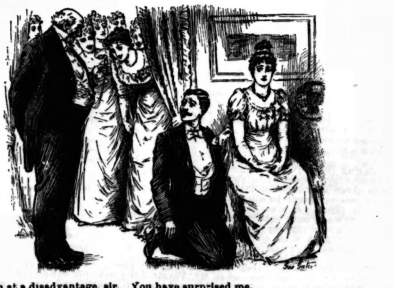
Mr. Kingston read part of one of Curran's Addresses to a Jury.

The essayist for the evening was Mr. Masten. His "talk," as he very modestly styled it, dealt with the trials, tribulations and opportunities of a law student's career, and how to improve them. I think I am not exaggerating when I say that never has the society listened to a more interesting and at the same time instructive lecture. The vote of thanks, which was unanimously passed at the close, but feebly represented the real appreciation of the members for his kindness in devoting so much time and thought towards smoothing the path before us.

The debate on the subject "Resolved: That the private ownership of land values should be abolished," was rather one sided. Mr. G. J. Ashworth upheld the affirmative with a number of original arguments, but was unsupported. Mr. Fish made a powerful speech in favor of the existing system of land tenure, being supported by Mr. Buckingham. The chairman decided in favor of the negative. After a few kindly remarks and some friendly advice from the society's critic, Mr. Ryckman, the meeting adjourned.

LEX.

Trying to Make a Dicker.



Mollison—I am at a disadvantage, sir. You have surprised me.

The father of seven of them—Don't let a little thing like that worry you, young man. I just came in to see if a ranch in Utah and free transportation would be any object to you to take all I've got.—*Judge.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

The task Corona and Maidie had set themselves of forcing an entrance to the masked staircase (whose very existence was only to them an intuition rather than a fact) was sufficiently bold, seeing that they had neither proper tools, nor any great strength at command, and that the risk of discovery was a thing almost too terrible to contemplate.

Mr. Vansittart was in that mood of bland gentleness which both sisters feared more than any other. Indeed, his manner to Corona was so tenderly sympathetic, so soft and caressing, that she positively shrank from him in a kind of instinctive terror. He had not passed directly between them since the day on which he had laid before her the proofs of Cedric's guilt; but she felt that she was treated as one who has had an irremediable loss, and that it was tacitly assumed she had decided to think no more of her former lover, but to gather up the broken strands of her life and begin again.

In one way, perhaps, it mattered little what fiction Mr. Vansittart and his grim sister tried to impose upon her; yet in her heart she felt that it did matter—that it was as if a net were closing slowly but surely round her, and if she attempted to break through, the toils some fear-ful fate would overtake her.

Shut up in that lonely house, practically cut off from all the world, feeling utterly alone and helpless, no wonder her heart sank within her. Perhaps nothing could have so sustained her as this new terror—that Cedric was fellow-prisoner with the wiles of this unshelved fiend-like man—a man capable, she felt, of any crime, and incapable of any human feelings. If it were so, if her lover were beneath this unshelved roof, find him she must and would. Once together, and courage and hope might alike return.

Maidie was full of eager enthusiasm. It was her sharp wits that had jumped to a conclusion which to a more sober mind would have seemed absolutely impossible, and now it was she who was readiest of resource in carrying out the bold scheme of working their way through their prison walls.

She declared that they must commence operations from the cupboard site of the vacant space. In the dark closet which nobody entered they could carry on their mining operations unseen and unsuspected; and she declared that if this secret staircase to the upper rooms had been built after those rooms were added to the main structure (as seemed probable) the new walls of the partition shutting it off from the rest of the building were not likely to be so very strong. It was plain that the wall in Corona's room could not have been the one altered to admit the passage of a staircase, so that the only other alternative was that the needful encroachment had been made upon the dark cupboard.

A similar construction in the floor above showed beyond a doubt that the staircase, if staircase it was, ran right up to the blocked up attic rooms; below were Mr. Vansittart's library and study, and the girls had no opportunity of discovering what the construction of these might be.

Maidie's surmises as to the fragility of the wall of partition were amply verified as the exciting labor progressed.

Very cautiously the sisters had to set to work, for they dared not move hand or foot till they had absolute proof that Mr. Vansittart and his sister were either out of the house or so occupied that it would be absolutely impossible that they should surprise their secret labors. Indeed, in the first instance the work was done at dead of night, and it was only when it was certain that brother and sister were locked in their respective rooms. Corona had oiled the locks of both doors, and carefully was able to try them and find them secure before attempted to commence operations.

When that point had been safely settled, the two sisters shut themselves in the dark closet, and began their self appointed task, almost too eager and excited to feel the fear they would have expected to feel at taking open steps to defeat the will of the enemy.

They were not entirely without implements, though what they had were of a somewhat rude script class. Maidie had found and conveyed to the house from the tool shed in the garden, an old pick axe, a saw and a coal hammer. Corona had contrived to purchase unseen at the ironmonger's, an iron chisel and a large knife; and thus provided the two girls set to work in cautious silence, but with right good will.

The first obstacle in their path was only a barrier of lath and plaster, which quickly yielded to their efforts, though they used great care in removing it, as they wished, if possible, to restore something of its outward semblance on the remote chance that some strangers should ever bring Miss Vansittart into the dark cupboard.

They only removed a small portion, just enough in fact to admit of their passing through, if a hole should ever be made; and after this portion had been sawed and torn down, they reached a solid brick wall, which looked strong enough and firm enough to fill them with dismay.

But it was no mere idle curiosity which had prompted the sisters to undertake this task. They felt that success was life or death to them; and instead of admitting that there was any discouragement in this discovery, Corona merely said, "As I expected," and set to work to see if by any means the bricks could be loosened.

At first it was disheartening work. With chisel and the pointed end of the coal hammer the sisters set to work to pick away the mortar that bound the bricks together; and very long did it seem before any impression was produced. But at length they began to think they were making an impression. The brick showed signs of growing loose. They redoubled their efforts on finding this out, and at last had the satisfaction of lifting it bodily out of its place, and feeling that a breach had indeed been made.

Another joy was in store, in the discovery that there was only one layer of bricks to deal with. On the other side came plaster again, most likely a lath and plaster such as the one that had just encountered. How to deal with that, so as to avoid detection, must be puzzled out another time. The task in hand was to get as many bricks loosened as possible, and before the tired girls sought their beds that night, a full dozen had been taken out and piled together in an empty box. The laths were then put back in such a way that a casual glance at the wall would not be likely to detect anything unusual, and Corona and Maidie retired to rest to dream of interminable brick walls, and of finding Cedric on the other side.

During the days that followed every spare moment that could be safely employed thus, was given over to widening the breach to dimensions sufficient to allow the passage of a human figure. It was a labor of love for the masonry was stout; but time and patience and resolution won the day, and the object would have been much more quickly achieved had it not been that they had to be very careful how they prosecuted their work.

By day they hardly dared to do a stroke of work, save at the rare times when Mr. Vansittart was out and his sister engaged in cooking or in domestic duties that would be certain to prevent her from paying a visit to the captive upstairs. When he was in the house they had no security that he might not at any moment ascend the masked staircase; and if he once heard a suspicious sound, he would leave no stone unturned till he had discovered the cause.

Detection would be inevitable, and Corona felt that such detection would be more bitter than death itself.

Still, slowly as the work proceeded to the impatience of the girls, it did progress, and bricks were taken out, and at last a hole was made in the brick work sufficiently large for their purpose, and only the lath and plaster on the other side remained to be cleared.

How they longed to know exactly what lay upon the other side, and what risk they ran of detection in piercing through it! But it was impossible to ascertain this save by venturing experiment. They dared not take Drake into any confidence, for it was impossible to elicit any real information from him, or to know how far his good-will to the upstairs prisoner extended. He had been so long the slave and tool of a wicked master, that they could not feel it safe to trust him in a matter where such urgent secrecy was required. Besides he might not be able to explain to them what they desired to know, even if they could make him understand their wishes.

When the crucial moment came, therefore, the girls proceeded with the utmost caution. First they picked off, piece by piece, all the plaster from the inside, and, having done this, found not laths but match-boarding, as the outer layer of all. This was more difficult to deal with at the outset, but might be better for their ultimate purpose.

The sharp knife was forced in between the joints and passed up and down till three planks had been, as it were, loosened from the sides; and then came the really severe labor of cutting them through, top and bottom.

Corona ruled a straight line to work by, and, standing on a chair, passed her knife forward and backward, back and forward, with untiring zeal and industry, till first a groove appeared, and then a deep incision, and gradually a way was worked right through the outer layer of all. This was more difficult to deal with at the outset, but might be better for their ultimate purpose.

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The sharp knife was

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

"DO NOT FEAR; THAT STING IS GONE."

At first Violet did not even appear to swallow; but Wallace kept dropping a little of the liquid into her mouth, until the action of the throat told him that it was passing down, and, at the end of half an hour, it became evident that the nourishment was taking effect; for her pulse was stronger and her breathing more natural.

Still anxious news did not return and there was a terrible fear in every heart that she would never revive.

The clock came and touched Wallace gently on the shoulder after a time.

"I thought you didn't know the girl," he said, a look of inquiry in his eyes, for Wallace had represented her as a friend of Mr. Lawrence, but a stranger to him.

"Oh! I never suspected—but she is—my wife," the young man returned with white lips.

The man's face was very sympathetic, but he was anxious to make his prisoner secure.

"You can leave her for a couple of minutes," he said; "let the woman tend her while you come down with me, in case this fellow should try to make me any trouble. I will take off him under lock and key; then I'll send the carriage back for you."

Wallace bent a searching look upon the woman.

Her face was full of sympathy, her eyes rested upon Violet with a look of intense anxiety, and he believed she could be trusted.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"He hired me to take care of her," she replied, indicating Wilhelm Mencke by a gesture.

"What was his object in keeping her here?"

"I don't know, sir; I was only to cook her meals and sit upon her bed and watch her," she added, holding out her hand for the glass.

"Can I trust you? You haven't been giving her anything to make her like this?" Wallace questioned, sternly, a new and terrible fear taking possession of him.

"Oh, no, sir," and the woman recoiled with a look of horror on her face that reassured him. "I wouldn't harm a hair of her head—indeed, you may trust me—I will warm the milk, and it will be likely to do her more good. I only wish I had thought of the brandy before."

Wallace yielded his post to her, and preceded the officer and his prisoner down stairs, where the found the carriage waiting.

Wilhelm Mencke was inclined to resist getting into it, but another twist at the nippers convinced him that it would be unwise for him to exhibit much of his stubborn spirit, and he stepped into the vehicle, followed by his custodian, and was driven away, while Wallace returned to his charge upstairs.

"She is really coming around, sir," was Sarah's greeting, as he entered the room.

As Wallace bent down to smooth the tangled hair from Violet's brow, her white lids slowly opened, and the beautiful blue eyes of his loved one looked once more into his face.

Wallace thought he must break down utterly as he met that gaze—a long, loving, earnest gaze it was, too—and he trembled so that he was obliged to drop into the chair which Sarah thoughtfully set for him beside the bed.

A faint smile began to hover about Violet's lips, and he wondered if she did not seem surprised or agitated to find him there.

"Wallace!" she whispered, after a moment.

"Yes, love."

"I knew you would come to meet me."

He thought she was wandering and did not reply, but took one of her hands in a fond clasp.

"I thought I was dying," she went on, in a weak, dreamy tone, "and I didn't care much, I was so unhappy. I am glad now, for nothing can ever separate us again."

"Good gracious, sir; she thinks she is dead, I do believe!" Sarah exclaimed, in an astonished whisper.

Wallace made a gesture enjoining her to be silent, then he said, softly:

"No, darling, nothing shall separate us now."

He began to feed her again with the warm milk and brandy, and she took it with some show of hunger, only once she glanced from the spoon up into his face and murmured:

"How queer!" and he knew that she was still only partially conscious, and imagined herself and him both in the other world, while it had occurred to her as strange that he should be feeding her.

She was still very weak, and presently she dropped off into a gentle, natural slumber.

She slept for more than an hour.

The carriage came meanwhile, but Wallace bade the driver wait, he would not disturb the beloved sleeper in her strengthening repose.

During this time he drew Sarah out of the room, and questioned her closely.

The woman told him truthfully all that she knew regarding Violet's capture and imprisonment, and he was convinced that she was in no way responsible for what had occurred, but had on the other hand been as much of a victim to her as she had dared to be. He also learned that, immediately after Violet's recapture, Mrs. Mencke had hurried off to Cincinnati, and he could gain no clew to the object of her journey.

Sarah begged that he would not allow her to be arrested as an accomplice of Wilhelm Mencke, and told him of her crippled child at home, who was dependent upon her, and he assured her that she should not be, but told her that she must hold herself in readiness to testify against her employer when his case came to trial.

Their conversation was interrupted by a slight sound from within the room, and they hastened back to their patient, to find her awake and half sitting up, supported upon one elbow.

"Oh, Sarah! I dreamed," she began, then catching sight of Wallace behind the nurse, she cried out in a voice that was tremulous with love, and joy, and wonder:

"It was no dream! Oh, Wallace! Wallace!"

He knelt beside her, opening his arms, and she threw herself upon his breast, sobbing in utter abandonment.

"Oh," Wallace said, in a husky tone to Sarah, and she stole softly out of the room, wiping the tears that streamed from her eyes.

We, too, are shut out from those first moments of reunion, for they were too sacred for any human eye to witness. Only that longparted husband and wife may know the solemn, yet joyous, was that hour, when they realized that they had been given back to each other from the dead, as it were.

At last Wallace called Sarah to prepare Violet another glass of milk, and the woman added a beaten egg to it, feeling sure that the girl's present almost comatose state had been chiefly produced by mental depression and the lack of nourishment, rather than by any bodily ailment.

Violet drank it eagerly, but without relaxing her hold upon Wallace's hand, for it almost seemed to her that he would again vanish from her sight if she let go of him.

"Now, my darling," Wallace said, when she had disposed of it all, "I want you to have Sarah dress you warmly, then I am going to take you home, if you think you can endure the ride. Mr. Lawrence, I know, is terribly anxious, and will begin to think I have failed to find you, it is getting so late. Are you strong enough, do you think?"

"Yes, indeed; and, oh! I shall be so glad to get away from this dreadful place," Violet answered, with a shivering sigh.

It was not an easy task for her, however, to dress, for she was still exceedingly weak, and mantle breathlessly with every exertion; but finally she was ready, and Wallace gathering her slight form in his arms, carried her down, and laid her upon some pillows in the carriage. He then went back and locked Mrs. Mencke's door, leaving word with the family below that she would find her key at the nearest police station. Then he handed Sarah a ten dollar note, and took her address, saying that he would see her again in a few days.

After this the newly united husband and wife were driven directly to Mr. Lawrence's residence on Fifth avenue.

That gentleman was overjoyed when he learned that Violet was once more safe beneath his roof, while it would be difficult to depict his amazement upon learning that Wallace was the husband of his fair protegee.

Wallace had insisted that Violet should go directly to bed upon her arrival home, and, after she had partaken of a nourishing little repast, which Mrs. Davis prepared with her own hands, she fell into a refreshing slumber, which lasted far into the evening.

During this time Wallace conversed with Mr. Lawrence, and read Violet's letter, which had come to light after his departure in the morning, and through this learned the reason of Wilhelm Mencke's abduction of her, and the probable object of Mrs. Mencke's journey to Cincinnati.

When Violet awoke he questioned her further about the matter, when he comprehended more clearly the plot against her.

Early the next morning he telegraphed to Ralph Middleton the message which all proceedings regarding the Huntington fortune, and then wrote immediately, relating the romantic story of his life to the editor of a paper promising to bring her to Cincinnati to claim her inheritance as soon as she was able to travel.

Her recent trying experience had told fearfully upon her, and she was obliged to keep her bed for several days. She could not even see Mr Lawrence, although she wished to, and been glad to go to him, and she was shocked when she learned of his injuries and narrow escape from death.

So Wallace had to be the bearer of messages between the two sick rooms, but it was a pleasant task, and one in which he took especial delight.

"My dear fellow, I never can express my joy in the knowledge that you are Violet's husband," Mr. Lawrence remarked, the day after the wonderful reunion. "Yours is the most romantic story, out of a novel, that I ever knew of; and now that she has come back to me you must make this your home also."

"You are certainly very kind, Mr. Lawrence," Wallace began, flushing; "but—"

"There—there, don't let us have any 'buts' nor any objections," said Mr. Lawrence, interrupting him. "Violet, to all intents and purposes, is my adopted daughter; my will was made some time ago, and half of all that I possess is left exclusively to her; the—other half will go to—my nearest kin"—this last with a keen glance at Wallace, who, however, did not appear to suspect that he was his nearest of kin. "Now be reasonable, Wallace," he pleaded, seeing that the young man still hesitated from a feeling of independence; "this house and all there is in it will some time belong to Violet; I am a lonely old man who enjoys young company, so stay, both of you! and be my children."

"Well, then, for the present, since you so much desire it; we will stay perhaps until the nearest of kin present themselves," Wallace replied, smiling as he warmly clasped the hand that the invalid held out to him, while he wondered a little what caused the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Wallace had been absent from his office for two days, and when upon the morning of the third, he presented himself there again he found Lord Cameron before him, making anxious inquiries regarding his prolonged absence.

Wallace at once drew him into his private office and locked the door.

"Where have you been, Richardson?" his lordship inquired. "I have literally haunted both your office and lodgings during the last forty-eight hours, but no one could tell me anything about you; and—Jove! what has happened to you?" he interposed, as he searched his friend's eager, glowing face, and remarked his animated, joyous manner. "I should think you had taken a fresh pull at the Elixir of Life."

"I have," said Wallace, laughing out gayly in his newly found happiness; "and Cameron, love is the elixir of life, isn't it?"

"Y—es," and now Lord Cameron looked sharply at him.

Could this smiling, animated face belong to the same man who so recently had told me that 'his heart was dead'—that he "could never love again in this world?"

Wallace saw that his friend was sorely perplexed by the change in him, and he grew grave at once.

"Cameron, what, to you, would seem the most wonderful thing that could happen in this world?" he asked.

"I should as soon think that Violet could come back to earth as that you could love," the young earl answered, still regarding him fixedly.

Wallace lost some of his unusual color at this unexpected reply.

"How strange that you should have thought of that!" he said.

"Why, what should have thought of what?" demanded Lord Cameron, looking a trifle annoyed. "You deal in enigmas this morning."

"Of Violet coming back to earth," said Wallace.

"I did not think of her coming back; I only said that would not seem much more wonderful than that you should fall in love, after all that you have so recently said."

"I could never love any but the girl whom I made—my wife, Cameron," Wallace returned, in a voice that quavered slightly; "and now be prepared for a shock, my friend, for I do not know how to break my tidings any other way—Violet has come back to me."

"Wallace! you know that is impossible! Are you crazy?" cried his companion, seizing hold by the arm and searching his face with the greatest anxiety, while his own grew very pale.

"No, I am not crazy, although I can hardly wonder that you should fear it," said the young man. "My friend, do not look so incredulous, for I have told you only the truth. Violet has really come back to me; she never died—it was all a terrible mistake; and, oh, Cameron, I believe I am the happiest mortal living at this moment."

There was no mistaking the ring of truth and sincerity in the young man's tones, and, though Lord Cameron could not wholly credit the statement that Wallace had made, he felt sure that something very wonderful must have occurred to have thus changed the hitherto sorrowing, hopeless young man into this eager, happy, joy beaming lover.

"Sit down, Richardson," he said, with all the calmness that he could assume, "and, if you can talk sensibly and intelligibly, tell me what your strange words mean. Have you turned spiritualist—have you seen a materialized spirit? You surely cannot expect me to believe that Violet Huntington is here in New York city, in bodily presence?"

"Yes, I do—just that. I have held her in these arms; her own have clasped my neck; her lips have pressed mine. I have looked into her dear eyes. I have heard her speak."

"Richardson! truly, I am losing patience with you; what strange hallucination is this? It cannot be possible, when I saw Violet dead and in her casket—when you yourself have looked upon her grave at Mentone!" sternly returned Lord Cameron, who really began to fear that his friend's mind had been unhinged by long grief.

"It was all a mistake, reiterated Wallace, "and Vane—with sudden thought—"don't you remember that last day in London when I saw that face in a passing carriage, and how it startled me by its strange resemblance to my darling?"

"Yes," and Lord Cameron started.

"Well, that was Violet herself!—she was on her way to the railroad station to take the train for Glasgow. The body that was buried at Mentone was that of a poor peasant girl."

And then Wallace proceeded to relate Violet's history from the time of her flight from the hotel up to the time of his finding her two days previous.

Lord Cameron listened amazed. The story seemed too strange, too unreasonable to be true; but told in detail as it was, he was compelled to believe it.

The strong man was deeply moved also by the memories it revived, for he had loved this beautiful girl, and had sincerely mourned her supposed untimely death.

His wonder was gradually supplanted by a feeling of profound gratitude that she had escaped the terrible fate which every one supposed had overtaken her.

He also rejoiced also, that Wallace, whom he regarded almost in the light of a dear brother, would once more be happy—that his life would not be ruined, broken, lonely existence, which he had feared he must henceforth lead.

He believed too, that he could look upon his future happiness with Violet as calmly, and in as friendly a spirit, as if she had been a cherished sister, instead of the woman whom he had once hoped to marry.

He was somewhat surprised, as he secretly tried to analyze his own feelings, at the change that had come over him of late, and he was half ready to believe that the affection which he had conceived for the beautiful girl, whom he had recently chosen to be his wife, was as deep and pure, and strong—if it had not quite the character of a first passion in it—as that which he had once bestowed upon Violet.

He was, however, never so grateful for anything in my life as I am for this wonderful news," he said, earnestly, when the young husband concluded his story. "I am fearfully shaken up, for the preservation of Violet's life, and I rejoice, with all my heart, with you, in the great happiness that will henceforth be yours and hers.

Wallace turned and looked gravely into his friend's eyes.

Lord Cameron met his glance, frankly and smilingly.

"Do not fear," he said; "there is no sting in this for me—that is all gone, and my future with the woman whom I truly love—whom every day I am growing to reverence and admire more and more—will be all the happier for knowing that my love for Violet is perfected in this union, which I believe was ordained in heaven."

The two friends clasped hands, while each felt assured that the bond of friendship between them was stronger than it had ever been before, and when that cordial grasp relaxed, there was no more jealousy in either heart.

(To be Continued.)

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To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Columns")

SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

APRIL.—How dare you!

DUCHY.—See Gipsy Jane.

D. MCC.—Carelessness, lack of self-control, originality and self-esteem.

DORIS.—You are honorable, just, candid, kindly, self-reliant and a little selfish.

ALICE.—This writing exhibits ambition, some vanity, strong self-will, generosity and flippancy.

CYRIAC.—This shows reserve, selfishness, fondness for admiration, indecision and some self-esteem.

PAT I.—Your writing indicates impulse, energy, good powers of endurance and indecision in small things.

MAY.—In this writing I see much strength of purpose, ingenuity, power of endurance, ambition and high sense of honor.

ROBITA.—You are ambitious, very decisive, rather cold in disposition, practical to calculating shrewdness, yet very just.

R. S. UNION.—The writing indicates a methodical mind, fondness of social life, ambition, independence of thought energy and tact.

JONE I.—The quotation is from Herrick and begins: "Gather the rose-buds while ye may." 2. Yes, certainly, I will delineate the photograph.

VERONICA.—You are probably very impulsive, generous, self-willed, self-assertive and possessed of much magnetism of manners. Why did you sign Beatrice?

PEBBO.—The postmark expl ns to me that the original is conscientious, self-reliant, reserv d, candid, penetrating, judiciously firm and ambitious. The forehead is musical without doubt.

ESCANABA.—Your writing displays carelessness, vivacity, firmness of will, cordiality and self-esteem. In the end you may be a little jealous, but you inspire hoop lester adorm ents, and they whispered your secret to me.

C. Y. K.—Your writing indicates linguacity, a kindly, generous and tender nature, good method, originality and merriment. In answer to your query I must say that some letters are a great mystery, but you may use a real pleasure to read and no trouble whatever to answer.

PROOF O'MOORE.—No trouble whatever, my new correspondent! Do not be doubtful nervous because you have chosen life-way, for ambition is strongly marked. You are also energetic, ingenious, conscientious, self-reliant and brave. I cannot give you the address you ask for.

HOP DOBBIN.—Certainly I will tell you what kind of a boy I think that you are. You are probably very fond of your life. You speak flippantly. Do you dare to think that all women who appear behind the footlights are not true women? You are harsh and narrowed in mind, and I have no patience with you.

GIPSY JANE.—The questions you ask are very silly, for how in the world can I tell what kind of a man you will marry? Regarding the correspondence—most emphatically, No! You have a mother to submit such a question to, and you should deal upon her advice in the matter. If you write promiscuously to all the men you know, there will come a day when your heart will ache with a large-sized wish that you had them all back and could "declinate them to Vulcan," with the kitchen stove for an altar.

DRAMATIC.—AUX Italiens is by Owen Meredith. It is an elegiac reverie and very effective as a recitation, though perhaps a little old. In the last verse but one you will find an excellent bit of philosophy and tenderness. I wish you all success. In addition to calling in life, faithful, conscientious work is the only sure foundation. You can find Manset and Hollingshead's address in Lovell's Directory of Dick's recitations, the Hub ired Choice Selections or the Elocutionists' Annual. In each of these books there is a large index of the contents of all the back numbers. If though, you are at any time at a loss, send me word, for I think I can find you something which has been a favorite recitation. Will you write me again and tell me how you are progressing.

YAHAN.—You unreasonable mortal! I have laughed at, apologized to, and lost patience with the people who ask for replies "in next issue," and I have had more than a few times to sarcastically ask them embarrassing questions. Now, my dear Yahan, I have in the drawer sacred to them, one hundred and twenty-five letters, many of which are breathing forth an unheeded prayer for an answer "in your next issue." Do not be angry, but I must appeal to the date of their arrival, but they cannot all be answered right away quick. Now, of course, I am preaching at you, but I mean it as well as I do everything else as well. Your writing indicates some generosity and aptness in any calling requiring energy and self-reliance, but you are careless, I am afraid, as well as very sensitive.

A PUZZLED MAID.—Probably your father is in the right. But suppose he will let you do a little as older girls do? But suppose he will let you do a little as you think fit? Well, I'm afraid I can't answer as they should be. "How can you tell what I am like you ask me? Why every letter tells its own little tale. Every dot tells a story. Every curve that is lacking, speaks of various characteristics. Each slope, dash, curve, stab and dot reveals a sentiment. And if I were to tell you all about it, you would have enough study matter for a month, and then would need explanations. 2. Compliments are good things at best. An honest criticism is better for you and better for the speaker. Churchill says that it is "light coin"—and spurious coin at that—the kind of compliment." I am glad you are so lenient in your judgment of me. I have grown accustomed to it, and I do like to be lenient to those who are touching fools in my good nature should, I think, be responsible for a healthy sprout therefrom. Why yes, we again, I shall be glad to hear from you—if I can and may.

MISS NOBODY.—Thank you for your kind wishes. 1. I could not advise you regarding the best fitting for the stage. You would do better to ask some trustworthy members of the profession. 2. Yes, you may send me the photograph and I will try to answer it if you use the name I shall mention. I have promised to do it. 3. Ask your mother's advice about the girl. You may be sure that she will point you in the right direction. 4. To the question of chapeaux, I cannot answer. No social laws are binding, and yet we cannot afford to defy them all at once, for temporary bitter enemies. 5. Your frankness and generous nature are, I think, the most attractive traits in your character. 6. No, do not correspond with him. From what you have said I could not advise you otherwise. 7. I scarcely have words to say about the two friends who are less friendly. It is quite natural they should feel so, and yet I cannot quite excuse you for being the means of it. You see, you have laid open to criticism, as if it you care for Number Two, he will not likely imagine you do, thinking his friend is more to your thoughts. Be womanly, and very charitable. No one person can ever quite draw out another's plan of action for unseen circumstance could alter the whole, or powerful yet hidden hands. We must only think earnestly and judge carefully. Your writing shows energy, flipp ncy, humilities and pride, fondness of ease, pleasure and luxury, a determined but not practical nature, sensitiveness and hasty temper. You may write again as often as you please and be sure and send me the photograph.

A NOT BROWN MAYER.—When a pimple has forced its unwelcome company upon your skin, medicine is to be done but let it do its worst, while you coax the poor ill-used mite into whitewash by a wash of rose-water, and then a bit of home-made salve which may be gently rubbed on. No high-priced cream can be so beneficial as a homely mixture of fresh mutton tallow, glycerine and camphor. It will heal the broken skin, but it cannot, nor can any local application, remove the cause of pimples. You must eat good food, breathe pure air, and pay the closest attention to bath and toilet if you would be dainty in your personality. 2. When the eyebrows meet, we usually note the presence of them an extra mark for impulse, jealousy and hot-headedness generally. 3. You should never stand to speak with any one on the street, if you are certainly not with a man. If he wishes to talk with you, he will turn and accompany you for a few moments. It is an act of disrespect for a man to stop a woman on the street for conversation. Let him when women meet and wish to talk together they should walk along and not attract attention by blocking the way. 4. You surely do not want me to guess your age. If I do I shall presently be over-whelmed with guessing requests. 5. Your writing displays a good deal of energy and self-reliance, with considerable vanity, some ambition, much tenderness and perseverance. You are resolute to obstinacy. Try and mind that last characteristic of little. If you do not, it will cause bitter suffering to these about—those whom you love, and bring remorse to you. Will you write again, whenever you wish.

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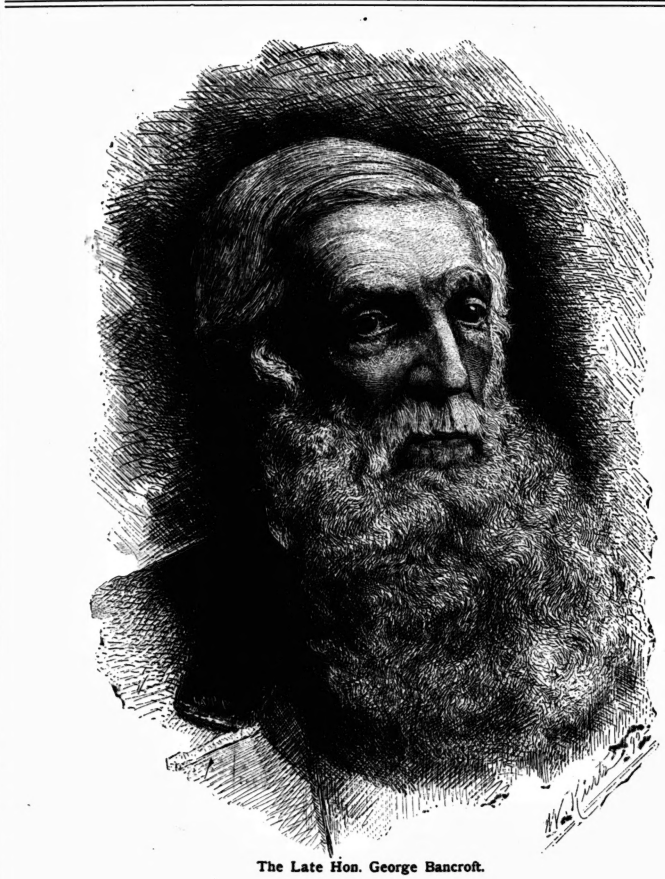

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Fine Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes
is now complete, and would invite early inspection.
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On account of alterations, is now under way.

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Winter Goods
Closing Out at Close Cost Prices
Boots Shoes Rubbers
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246 Yonge St.

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The Kind Fish Man and the Ailing Girl.

"Hope y' ain't got the toothache, mum?" said the fish man the other day to a Jersey City girl, at whose house he was delivering some oysters. The fish man spoke in compassionate tones, for the girl was sitting forlornly in a chair, with both hands pressed convulsively to the sides of her face.

"No, not the toothache," she moaned, "only a horrible sore throat that is a thousand times worse than any toothache ever could be."

"Is that all?" replied the fish man. "Why, if you'll listen to my advice, you'll have that all cured in no time."

"Do tell me how," exclaimed the girl, "and I'll be forever grateful to you."

"There ain't nothing easier," said the fish man, "than to cure a sore throat. You can get rid of it in no time. All you have to do is to get a raw clam and bind it over on the place where the soreness is, and it will jest move out and not leave any sign of ever havin' been there. Raw clams are great fur diphtheria, too. My boss cured a case of diphtheria, mum, with raw clams applied outside, that the doctors had given up. That's the truth, that is, and I advise you to try a couple of 'em on your sore throat."

"Well, if they'll do any good, I wish you'd send me round a couple," said the girl, "and I'll give them a trial."

"That I will, mum, and I'm sure they'll fix you up."

The fish man did as he promised. He selected two extra plump clams, opened them carefully, and sent them round to the house. A few days later, having occasion to leave an order at the house, he asked the girl's mother if his clams had done her daughter's sore throat any good.

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied the mother, "she did not apply them in the way you advised. She said they looked so appetizing that she could not resist the temptation and then ate them."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

On Monday evening of last week Mrs. Mason gave a progressive euchre party and dance in honor of her niece, Miss Cecy Harrison of Toronto, who has been visiting at Marr Hall. All present had a most enjoyable time.

Rowanhurst was the scene of a large gathering on Thursday, January 15, it being the occasion of an At Home, given by Mrs. Dyment, who was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter, two friends from Portland, Miss Bell of Hamilton and Miss Wood of Hillbrook. The house was prettily lighted, and decorated with flowers and smilax. Pink was the shade which predominated, as the refreshments took the form of a "pink tea," and this color was carried out with great taste through all details. A portion of the 35th Battalion band were seated in the upper hall and furnished music during the afternoon in a pleasing style. Among those present were Mr. H. Strathy, Mayor and Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. H. H. Morris, Mr. J. Strathy, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. and Miss Spry, Mr. Chapman, Mr. J. McCarthy, Mr. F. and Miss Hensley, the Misses Mason, Miss C. Harrison of Toronto, Miss Kortright, Miss V. Major, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Schreiber, Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. Hogarcom, Mr. and Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. David, Miss Lytell, Mr. Saunders, Miss Cotter, Miss Brydon, the Misses Baker, Miss Holmes, Mrs. and Miss Bossanko, Mrs. Burton, Miss Stewart, Mrs. and the Misses Forsyth, Miss L. McCarthy, Mrs. and Miss K. Stevenson, Mrs. J. Edwards, Mrs. Simpson, the Misses Maconkey and others.

On Friday, January 16, Mrs. J. McCarthy gave a small evening party for some friends.

A skating party was enjoyed by some young people last Saturday night. Afterwards all availed themselves of the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy.

A large and very successful At Home was given on Wednesday last by Mrs. J. Cotter of Rock Forest. The hostess was assisted in entertaining the guests by Miss Cotter, and Miss Hill of Niagara. This event having taken place in the middle of the week, I am unable to give a more complete account. OCULAIRE.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Bruce entertained a few friends at dinner last Thursday evening.

Miss Spratt gave a skating party last Friday evening.

Mrs. Warren Burton gave a charming dinner to a number of her friends on Friday evening.

Miss Daisy Forsythe of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Western of Hughson street.

Miss Haggarty of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Henry MacLaren.

Cards are issued for the Masonic ball on January 30, and for the Bachelors' on February 6, the former to be held in the Armory, and the latter in the Grand Opera House.

Mrs. MacLaren of Oak Bank gave a small afternoon tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. Richard Fuller has issued cards for an At Home on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Henry MacLaren was At Home on Friday from five till seven.

Mrs. Ridley gave a delightful skating party on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock are the guests of Mrs. Fuller, late of Bishophurst.

The parlor concert given by Mrs. Reginald Kennedy at Idlewild was a splendid affair, this being the first entertainment given in this beautiful house, which was recently finished, and is a work of perfect architecture. There was a large number of people present. Among them I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Lottridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Mewburn, Mr. and Mrs. R. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. R. Steele, Miss Moo, Mr. and Mrs. Papps, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Charlton, Mrs. Woolverton, Mr. and Mrs. George Thomson, Miss Robertson, Miss Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Cheavis, Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock, Miss Spratt, Miss Lottridge, Mr. Armour of Toronto, the Misses Howard, MacInnes, Hamilton, Dunlop, Ricketts, O'Rielly, Ridley, Gaviller, Grant, Roach, Bruce, Hooper and Turner, Messrs. Saunders, Southam, Ferrie, Ricketts, Harris, Patterson, Oxenham, Billet, Mewburn, Labatt. The programme was exceedingly good and consisted of plantation choruses and piano duetts by the Misses Roach, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Messrs. Ricketts and Saunders favored the assembly with solos and duetts. A very good sum was realized in aid of the Cathedral Guild.

Miss Bristol of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Charlton of John street north.

Prof. Clark of Toronto will give a lecture on Savonarola at Dundurn the beautiful residence of Senator MacInnes, in aid of St. George's Church mission.

Mrs. Lucas entertained a number of friends at dinner on Wednesday evening.

Everybody is looking forward to the assault-at-arms to be given in the Opera House, Thursday evening, of which I will give a full account next week.

Mr. Hugh C. Baker gave a delightful sleighing party to Ancaster on Monday evening. SYLVIA.

Books and Magazines.

The *New England Magazine* starts out this year with an excellent number. In the January number it has a delightful article on Christmas Bells, illustrated with pictures of the most famous bells in the world; also Poe's poem, The Bells, illustrated. Three or four interesting short stories, with a large number of poems make bright its pages. There is an article on Alexander Pope, an American animal painter of eminence, with illustrations from his work, also a short paper on The History of Historical Writing in America. The *New England* promises well for '91.

A very useful, little volume is the Presbyterian Year Book for 1891, just published by the Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Co. It is prefaced by a portrait of Rev. Dr. Laing, Moderator of the General Assembly. It contains much concise information that will be of great value to Presbyterians and outsiders as well.

Fine Tailoring.

The Theater and Opera season together with the various Masonic At Homes and the Yacht Club ball about to take place, a few suggestions in reference to dress would not be out of place. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn, but for such a time and place as Zetland At Home, which was held last evening, the full evening dress is the proper thing. Having received a large number of orders for it as well as for the Yacht Club ball, I would call your attention to the very fine line of dress suitings and fancy evening dress vestings, which I have just received, and would ask your inspection. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable West End tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

French and German.

The Ingres Coutellier School of Modern Languages is the first institution of this kind, on such a large scale, established in Toronto. This school is occupying one of the finest rooms in the city in the new Canada Life building. The office is elegantly furnished with the artistic taste peculiar to Parisians, and adjoining it are four spacious and well-lighted recitation rooms. All pupils conversé in French and German as English is forbidden in the school. A pure accent is imparted to them, as all the teachers are natives of France and Germany. The Ingres Coutellier school has branches in all the principal cities of Canada. In Montreal the school is situated in the magnificent Nordheimer building, St. James street. The Ingres is in charge of the Montreal school and Mr. Coutellier is directing the Toronto establishment. About every fortnight Prof. George Coutellier delivers lectures on French subjects in the Y. M. C. A. building, which heretofore have been very largely attended. Prof. Coutellier will deliver three French lectures in Ottawa on February 11, 12 and 13, and two in Montreal on February 14 and 16.

Wrinkles.

The outward signs of care are traceable to two things: The condition of the circulation of the blood; the condition of the muscles. Alterations in the appearance caused by the defective circulation which springs from sorrow or anxiety are only temporary. It is the alteration that is caused by the condition of the muscles that is to be dreaded. Herbert Spencer has proved that there is nothing in intense thought, no matter how frequently indulged in, which need produce those furrows between the brows generally seen in students and scholars, unless the effort to maintain the thought becomes painful. In other words, it is not thought that produces the contraction of the muscles whose results are those grooves between the brows from which women shrink, but the sense of effort—of bracing the will-power, so to speak, against an obstacle. If people were endowed with endless patience and could seek the solution of a mental problem for hours without sense of strain, of the fatigue that comes of prolonged tension, they would never pucker their brows. It is that contraction of all the muscles, as against an enemy, an obstacle to be overcome, that makes the face take seams, lines, furrows under the influence of care. When the enemy is constantly present the muscles have no chance to change their attitude of defence, and the lines and wrinkles caused by the long-continued contraction become permanent. Now, the women on whom care least succeeds in fastening its fangs are those of the two most opposite types of the sex; the women who bear every anxiety or misfortune with a perfect humility and patience, offering no resistance to them whatever, and the women who rise above the worst that they can do with a magnificent sort of airy defiance; who treat all forms of care from the objective point of view as something more to be studied than suffered from. This last type is the worst. Women of this kind (from whom care slips off "as water from a duck's back") are generally somewhat hard. They may not be very feminine, but if the preservation of their usefulness in spite of everything is the first object with them, they obtain their end. Women of this description, who have "gone through anything," occasionally issue from the ordeal with the firm contours of their flesh unimpaired, their brows smooth, no rings under their eyes, more youthful in their polished hardness of surface than many a woman ten years younger who has led the most placid of lives. And again, at the opposite pole, one knows gentle little women whose hair has less gray, their foreheads fewer wrinkles, than happier women much their juniors. These are exceptions. Granted. But the fact remains that it is the temperament—the way in which trials are taken—that destroys youthfulness much more in reality than the trials themselves. Fretful women, those who make cares for themselves out of every trifle and where none exist, are those upon whom any advice on the preservation of youth would be thrown away. They are bound not to look young. They are puckering their brows and pinching up their lips and flying into fits of temper to that particular end. And they soon attain the result for which they have paved the way. The fretful woman can never continue young-looking, whether she have genuine cares or not. Upon the whole, if you have that sanguine temperament which enables you quickly to rebound after any mental pressure has been, even temporarily, removed, you have the surest specific for retaining youthfulness of looks in the face of cares. This rebound, this absolute dismissal of the overhanging evil when it is not quite imminent, is what only very weak women, precisely, and very strong and characterful women are capable of. Let us suppose you are one of the latter and have philosophy enough not to allow yourself to be more crushed than is necessary. Any woman who can sleep well every night and whose appetite remains sound stands a very good chance of continuing young in spite of care. You think that sleep and appetite are impossible under the circumstances? They are not. A determination to throw off the burden for a time often leads, in the end, to a habit of doing so, which is followed, like any other habit, without any too painful effort. But perhaps the very greatest antidotes against the physical effects of care are a rich imagination and a permanent enthusiasm about beautiful things in any way out of the commonplace. Strong and noble emotions act alteratively on all the muscles of the face and throat. Where, before these were set in iron-bound, downward lines (for the lines of care always tend downward) they change, decompose and recompose again, like the particles of a kaleidoscop under this inspiriting impulse. That is why artistic temperaments keep their possessors youthful, while the woman whose soul rings no response to anything but the butcher's or milliner's bill, has a youth of the shortest.

Washington Society Girls.

A Washington girl works hard for her pleasure. Follow her for just one of her days, and you will be like all the others. She will rise at nine, breakfast and be ready to start out at 10.30. Her morning will be passed in shopping, in calling on some intimate friend whom she never gets a chance to speak to at the crowded receptions they both daily attend, or else she soberly and seriously presents herself at the meeting of a club for general information. This club is for the purpose of correcting her frivolous tendencies, and supplying her with subjects of conversation. The meeting is generally held at some private house, and is attended by young girls and married women, who listen to a clever man or woman, who discusses dimly some topics of the day, political or literary, that his hearers are too lazy, or dull, or busy to work up for themselves. These homœpathic doses of knowledge are very useful to this girl, who has no time either for reading or thinking. When this serious business is over, the girl drives home to dress for a luncheon, one of those pink, white or yellow affairs that promote indigestion and the better acquaintance of a dozen girls who will never meet again.

In order to save time that is so precious to the Washington girl in the season, it has become the fashion to attend these luncheons in calling costume, and to wear a bonnet or a heavy hat during the daily meals that last two or three hours. As the hostess must not make a pretense of hurry, she usually wears a house dress, and the harmony of appearance is destroyed. This fashion appears both inconvenient and rude, for the guests seem to indicate by their dress their desire to finish the ceremony and be off as soon as possible.

After the luncheon comes the round of calls. At the afternoon teas occurring on that afternoon the madden may linger to chat to her next neighbor in the crush and nibble salted almonds, yielding to a subtle fascination which yields to an indulgence like to the temper and complexion of the average girl.

By six o'clock when the winter twilight has faded into darkness, and the receiving parties begin to look tired, they maiden drives home to dress for dinner. She is going tonight to a theater dinner—that is, one that includes a dinner at the theater after it. Dinner is early, at 6.30, and our devotee of fashion needs a speedy maid to dress her and fast horses to carry her in time. At this dinner the hostess is a young married woman, and the guests are the belles and beaux of the season. Being designed for young people, the meal is light both as to wine and dishes. The table is extravagantly decorated with flowers and a big bunch of long-stemmed roses rests beside each girl's plate. If the conversation consists only of the lightest of small talk, social news, a little gossip, the figures of the last german, what more can you expect from the daily life of the talkers? At eight they drive to the theater, enter at the end of the first act, lose the thread of the play, but disturb the audience sufficiently to make their presence known, and to accomplish one of their purposes in going. These box parties as a rule are not noisy when they once get settled.

The pose for inspection in front of the box and the men lounge against the wall in the background. The actors do not look for applause from these self-contained youths and maidens, for it is well known that society frowns on enthusiasm. The Washington girl needs all her strength to bear her through her multifold pleasures. She cannot waste any on enthusiasms.

After this solemn dramatic ordeal the girl is driven to a reception, first picking up a chaperon *en route*.—*New York Times.*

Couldn't Catch Him.

His eye lighted on the man wearing the wolf-skin overcoat as soon as he entered the door, and the presumed far Westerner had scarcely got seated when he was accosted with:

"From Colorado or Nevada, I presume?"

"No, sir, from Idaho."

"Anywhere near Boise City?"

"Right from that place, sir."

"Ah! glad to have met you. Wanted to talk with you about the weather out there. Been very cold this winter?"

"Not so very. It was only 15 degrees below when I left."

"Is that the coldest?"

"Well, we had it 23 degrees below for a few days in December."

"Did, eh? I have been keeping track of the weather as reported by the signal service. Here is Boise City pasted in this column."

"I see. You must have an object?"

"Certainly. I travel a good deal, and I always like to stop a liar in the first round. This report does not show that you have even touched zero this winter. How is that?"

"My friend, is that the weather bureau report?" asked wolf overcoat.

"It is."

"Official?"

"Yes, sir. Can you get over it?"

"I don't have to, Mr. I think I have told you on the start that our town is divided. Half of it is built on an old glacier and the other half in the crater of a volcano. The signal office is located in the latter half, and even in January they have to pour water on the floor to cool it off. Up in my half we often have it 20 degrees below while they are picking roses down in the crater. Signal service is only for half the town, sir, and before you call a Boise City man a liar you should find out which half he lives in. Go away from me, sir! You look like a bad, bad man!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Once is Enough.

If we were given the chance of living our lives over again, but few of us would take it. There is a certain sense of "having had enough of it" in most men who have arrived at maturity, and "on the indented plain the self-same track to mark again" would be intolerable to them. Independent of theological apprehensions, there is, of course, a disinclination for complete change. The mistake some old gentlemen make is the endeavor to extract pleasure from the same sources from which they derived it in youth. It is like that kind of champagne which is produced after the grapes have been used up, or the third edition of an illustrated book, of which the plates are worn out. It is life at second-hand.

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PLEASE NOTE the Former Prices and the Present Reductions, which are as follows:

550 Yards Seal Mantle Plushes

$2.50 Mantle Plush, now selling for	$1.25
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4.00 Mantle Plush, now selling for	2.00

375 Yards Silk Faced Sealette

$ 6 Sealette, now selling for	$3.00
10 Sealette, now selling for	5.00
15 Sealette, now selling for	7.50
20 Sealette, now selling for	10.00

1,400 Yards Mantle and Ulster Cloths

Former price was 80c., now selling for	$ 40
Former price was $1 50, now selling for	75
Former price was 2.00, now selling for	1.00
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HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

For Surpassing Tone Qualities, Superior Action, Great Durability and Power of Standing in Tune, and the High Artistic Taste displayed in their Elegant Finish and Design.

A number of Pianos of the most popular makes, slightly used, but otherwise fully as good as new, are offered for sale at remarkably low prices and on the most suitable terms. An early selection will secure the best choice among them.

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Admission 50 cents. No reserved seats. Tickets may be had of J. F. Gray & Co., P. O. Pharmacy, 1309 Queen Street West, or at the Hall on the night of the Concert.

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The News.

Mrs. Hayfork—Anything for me? Rural postmaster—I don't see nothin'. Mrs. Hayfork—I was expectin' a letter er postal from Aunt Sally Sprigge tellin' what day she was comin'. Rural Postmaster (calling his wife)—Did you see a postal from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally tellin' what day she was comin'? His wife—Yes; she's comin' Thursday.—*Brooklyn Life.*

In our Bankrupt Stock of $18,700 from Montreal we have an immense assortment of Boys' and Children's Clothing. This stock was bought for the fall and winter business, and comprises the finest grades made for the Montreal Trade. The entire stock must be cleared before March 1, and has been marked at prices that will insure them going before then

Mothers will do well to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

The Model Clothing Store

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Fathers and Mothers

We are now showing the finest line of Boys and Youths' ready-made clothing, suitable for Holiday presents.

Bring the boy along and we will show something that will please you both.

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Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—Pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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Knobby Tweed Suits, Specially Cheap
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Fur-lined Overcoats
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Ending a Letter.

Examining three hundred letters in order to test the popularity of the various phrases used in ending them, nearly half the number were found to conclude with "Yours Truly." Trite, commonplace and devoid of meaning as two words can be, yet they hold the lead in favor to an extent not to be wondered at in business letters. "Very Respectfully" and "Yours Respectfully," are suitable terms, when the person to receive the letter is much older than the sender, or by reason of his position deserves some marked expression of deference, but the phrases are too often used without regard to their significance. "Yours, etc." and the abbreviated form "Resp." for Respectfully, seem half-hearted, lazy sort of signatures; a zigzag line would mean as much and be easier to make. They have not even the slight merit of "In Haste" or "Hastily," which at least serve as an apology for poor writing. As far as simplicity goes, "Yours" is preferable by far, and, indeed, is the best way to say something without meaning anything—best because the shorter the meaningless formula the better. Some polite ending to a letter is better no doubt than the abrupt signature alone, and each person may select for himself, but for all ordinary purposes there is no better form than "Yours Truly."

Stuck on the Corner.

Yeast—Why is it that a loafer is like a postage stamp?

Crimsonbeak—Well, I suppose it is because he seems to be stuck on the corner.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MITCHELL—At Toronto, on January 14, Mrs. W. E. Mitchell—a daughter.
RATHBUN—At Deseronto, on January 18, Mrs. E. W. Rathbun—a daughter.
BANKIER—At Hamilton, on January 17, Mrs. P. M. Bankier—a daughter.
MATTHEWS—At Parkdale, on January 13, Mrs. Charles E. Matthews—a daughter.
TILLSON—At Gravenhurst, on January 8, Mrs. B. W. Tillson—a daughter.
GRASETT—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. F. Le M. Grasett—a son.
WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on January 20, Mrs. Esten Williams—a daughter.
BAIN—At Peterborough, on January 18, Mrs. W. Gibbs Bain—a son.
BARCLAY—At Whitby, on January 18, Mrs. L. T. Barclay—a son.

Marriages.

KERR—STOREL—At St. Thomas' Church, Walkerton, on January 21, by Rev. Fred. Helling Fitt, rector, Edwin Rombough Kerr, merchant, to Grace Austin, daughter of Charles W. Storel, Esq.
GALT—HENDERSON—At Toronto, on January 20, W. Galt to Agnes Rennie Henderson.
BIRD—STANTON—At Cobourg, on January 14, Thomas Alexander Bird to Constance Louise Stanton.
DRUMMOND—ROBB—At Toronto, on January 15, Rev. James Drummond, B.A., of Carberry, Man., to Jane Shepherd Robb.
WILSON—IRVING—At Toronto, on January 20, Robert S. Wilson to Sarah Irving.
BECK—SMYTH—At the residence of the bride's brother, A. E. Smyth, Detroit, on Thursday, January 15, by Rev. John W. Thrush of Christ Church, Edward Beck of Detroit to Annie S., third daughter of the late W. J. Smyth of Toronto.
STRONG—WILLIAMS—At St. Paul, Minn., on January 5, Joseph W. Strong to Louise Williams.
HOLMES—CRONKHITE—At Wellandport, Ont., on January 20, Charles Seneca Holmes to Lottie Jennette Cronkhite.

Deaths.

JAGGAR—At Toronto, on January 18, John Jagger, aged 38 years.
GOSS—At Toronto, on January 17, Beatrice Annie Goss, aged 6 years.
LAVIN—At Toronto, on January 20, Thomas Lavin, aged 75 years.
HOWARD—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. Isabella Howard, aged 50 years.
MARSHALL—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. John G. Marshall.
SEA-MUIR—At Toronto, on January 18, Eliza Sea-Muir.
LAPPIN—At Toronto, on January 19, P. Lappin, aged 69 years.
DUNLOP—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. Mary Ann Dunlop, aged 66 years.
EWAN—At Ottawa, on January 20, Laura Violet Ewan, aged 3 years.
TISDALE—In Toronto township, on January 10, William Tisdale, aged 52 years.
WHITFIELD—At Toronto, on January 20, Charles Whitfield, aged 60 years.
WARD—At Toronto, on January 20, James Ward, aged 49 years.
HANCOCK—At Toronto, on January 18, Rev. William Hancock.
MACINTYRE—At Duart, on January 13, Mrs. Margaret Caswell Macintyre, aged 88 years.
STEVENS—At Manitou Springs, Col., on January 19, Charlie R. Stevens of Toronto, aged 30 years.
DRUMMOND—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. Barbara L. Drummond, aged 53 years.
WHITTON—At York Mills, on January 18, John Whitton, aged 58 year.
YOUNG—At Toronto, on January 16, John W. Young.
CARMICHAEL—At Toronto, on January 16, William Carmichael.
GARRETTE—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. George F. Garrette.
MAJOR—At Whitevale, on January 16, Mrs. H. Major.
GORMAN—At Toronto, on January 17, Robert Gorman, aged 75 years.
MITCHELL—At Toronto, on January 18, Thos. Mitchell, aged 69 years.
DOBSON—At Richmond Hill, on January 18, Thomas J. Dobson, aged 70 years.
JONES—At Toronto, on January 17, John Jones, aged 55 years.
HORNIBROOK—At Toronto, on January 18, youngest son of J. T. Hornibrook, aged 15 months.
REYNOLDS—At Toronto, Oscar Reynolds, aged 13 years.
DIXON—At Toronto, on January 18, John Dixon, aged 50 years.
ROPER—At Chicago, on January 15, Howard Roper, aged 54 years.
LAWRENCE—At Bradford, on January 20, Walter H. Lawrence, aged 20 years.
HARRIS—At Toronto, on January 20, John Harris, aged 52 years.
SMITH—At Woolwich township, on December 21, Robert Smith, aged 94 years.

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The said Society is formed for the purpose of aiding missionary, educational and congregational efforts in connection with a body of Christians known as Disciples of Christ.

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